PLANET
No. 44
SEPT.
10c
MYSTA of the MOON
AURO, LORD OF JUPITER
new in this issue
Futura
—and many others

The BIG OF THE COMICS!

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LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE!

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A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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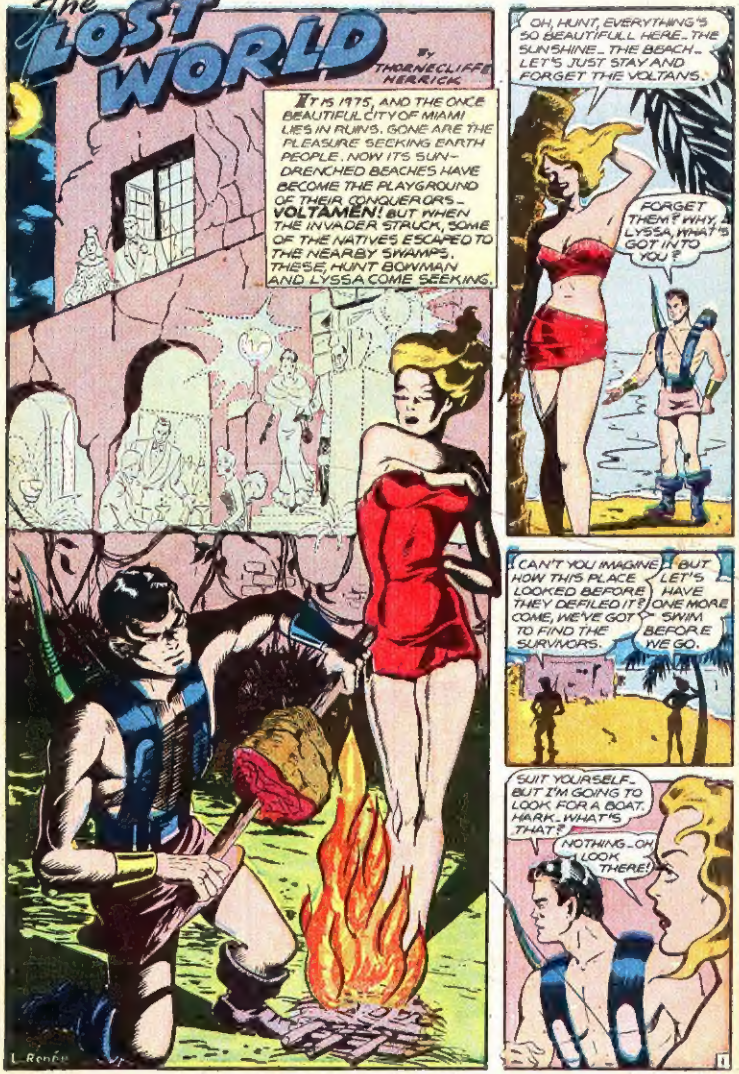
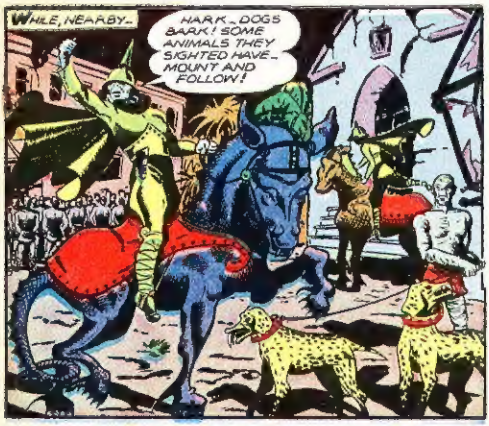

The LOST WORLD
By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK
IT IS 1975, AND THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF MIAMI LIES IN RUINS. GONE ARE THE PLEASURE SEEKING EARTH PEOPLE. NOW ITS SUN-DRENCHED BEACHES HAVE BECOME THE PLAYGROUND OF THEIR CONQUERORS - VOLTAMEN! BUT WHEN THE INVADER STRUCK, SOME OF THE NATIVES ESCAPED TO THE NEARBY SWAMPS. THESE, HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA COME SEEKING.
L. Renfu
OH, HUNT, EVERYTHING'S SO BEAUTIFULL HERE.. THE SUNSHINE.. THE BEACH.. LET'S JUST STAY AND FORGET THE VOLTANS.
FORGET THEM? WHY, LYSSA, WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?
I CAN'T YOU IMAGINE HOW THIS PLACE LOOKED BEFORE THEY DEFILED IT? COME, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE SURVIVORS.
BUT LET'S HAVE ONE MORE SWIM BEFORE WE GO.
SUIT YOURSELF.. BUT I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR A BOAT. HARK.. WHAT'S THAT?
NOTHING..OH! LOOK THERE!
1

THAT MAN— ANIMALS ATTACKING HIM!
YES— YES— COME ON!
AS AHEAD
BACK, YOU DEVIL-FIENDS, BACK!
LET GO— LET GO— OHHH!
THAT MONSTER'S GOT HIM! DON'T MISS, HUNT— PLEASE DON'T MISS!
THEN..
HELP— HELP— HELP!
HE'S HURT BADLY. BE CAREFUL, HUNT.
THERE NOW, YOU'RE SAFE. DON'T TRY TO TALK— JUST SIT STILL.
NO— CAN'T WAIT— HELP ME TO THE TOWER— MUST TAKE READINGS AND GET THEM TO MY COMRADES AT BOATHOUSE.


WHILE, NEARBY...
HARK - DOGS BARK! SOME ANIMALS THEY SIGHTED HAVE - MOUNT AND FOLLOW!

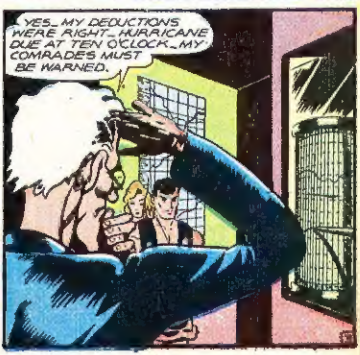
ZOON'S! A TRAIL OF EARTH-PEOPLE IT IS - RIDE - RIDE - RIDE!

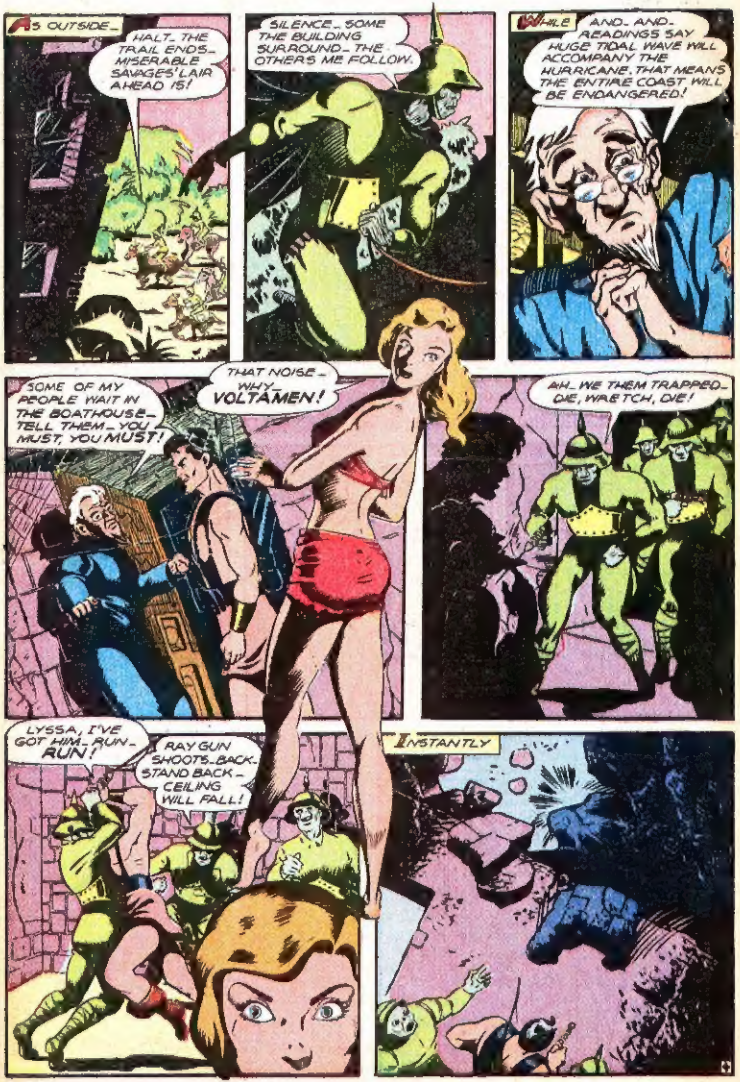
YOU'RE RIGHT - WE MUST BE CAREFUL. AH - THE OLD MAN'S CONSCIOUS

AS
HE KEEPS MUTTERING OF A TOWER, LYSSA. WHAT DOES HE MEAN?
THERE'S ONE - THAT MUST BE IT.

HUNT - I JUST REMEMBERED THOSE CREATURES WORE COLLARS. THEY WERE VOLTA DOGS!

TELL US - WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WHAT ARE THESE QUEER INSTRUMENTS?
AN OLD METEORLOGICAL LABORATORY. PUT ME DOWN.


YES - MY DEDUCTIONS WERE RIGHT - HURRICANE DUE AT TEN O'CLOCK - MY COMRADES MUST BE WARNED.


AS OUTSIDE—
HALT—THE TRAIL ENDS—MISERABLE SAVAGES' LAIR AHEAD IS!
SILENCE—SOME THE BUILDING SURROUND—THE OTHERS ME FOLLOW.
WHILE
AND—AND—READINGS SAY HUGE TIDAL WAVE WILL ACCOMPANY THE HURRICANE. THAT MEANS THE ENTIRE COAST WILL BE ENDANGERED!
SOME OF MY PEOPLE WAIT IN THE BOATHOUSE—TELL THEM—YOU MUST, YOU MUST!
THAT NOISE—WHY—VOLTAMEN!
AH—WE THEM TRAPPED—DIE, WRETCH, DIE!
LYSSA, I'VE GOT HIM—RUN—RUN!
RAY GUN SHOOTS—BACK—STAND BACK—CEILING WILL FALL!
INSTANTLY

HUNT_CRUSHED_BURIED ALIVE_OHHH!
EARTHWOMAN I HAVE, MASTER_WITH MY HANDS HER NECK I WILL BREAK!
NO, FOOL. DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINER SHE MAKE. COME, TO BEACH WE MUST NOW RETURN.
AH_THIS DAY GREAT SPORT HAS BEEN!_TWO EARTHMEN KILLED AND ONE CAPTURED.
BUT
LYSSA, LYSSA_THEY'VE TAKEN YOU INTO SLAVERY_I'LL TRY TO GET FREE AND HELP YOU_I'LL TRY...
AND AS HUNT STRUGGLED FRANTICALLY TO DIG HIMSELF FROM THE DEBRIS, THE VOLTA HORDE RETURNED TRIUMPHANTLY TO THEIR PLAYGROUND..
SLAVES_ANOTHER ONE TO JOIN YOU WE BRING. FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT HER PREPARE.
COME, DEARIE, IF WE DON'T OBEY THEY'LL KILL US!

I'M GLAD THE HURRICANE IS COMING. LIFE ISN'T WORTH LIVING WITHOUT HUNT!
THERE HONEY, DON'T CRY. SIT DOWN AND REST.

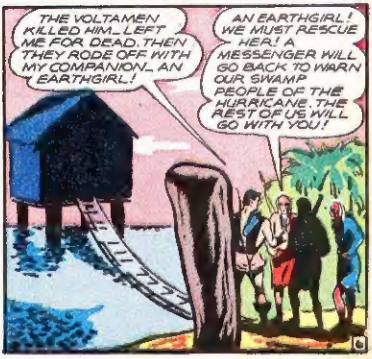
HER NAME IS LYSSA. SHE'S MUTTERING ABOUT A DEAD MAN AND A HURRICANE.
A HURRICANE? SOUNDS LIKE CRAZY TALK TO ME. COME, LET'S TRY TO COMFORT HER.

DON'T BE AFRAID, LYSSA. WE ONLY HAVE TO ENTERTAIN THE VOLTAMEN. THEY WON'T HURT US.
IT'S TIME WE STARTED. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO.

WHILE...
AH. THERE'S THE BOATHOUSE. NOW TO FIND THE OLD MAN'S FRIENDS.

AS AHEAD
WHAT'S DELAYING THE SCIENTIST? HE KNOWS WE SHOULD BE STARTING BACK TO THE SWAMPS BY NOW!
PERHAPS THE VOLTAMEN CAUGHT HIM. LOOK!

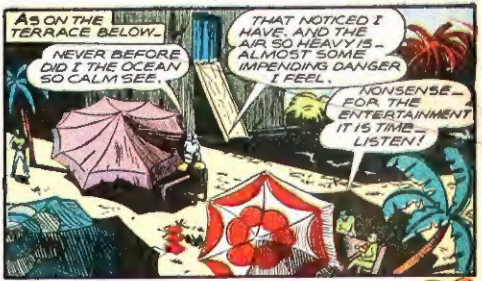
STAND, STRANGER! GOOD HEAVENS. AN EARTHMAN!
YES. YOUR FRIEND SENT ME TO WARN YOU THAT A HURRICANE IS ON ITS WAY.


THE VOLTAMEN KILLED HIM. LEFT ME FOR DEAD. THEN THEY RODE OFF WITH MY COMPANION. AN EARTHGIRL!
AN EARTHGIRL! WE MUST RESCUE HER! A MESSENGER WILL GO BACK TO WARN OUR SWAMP PEOPLE OF THE HURRICANE. THE REST OF US WILL GO WITH YOU!

MEANWHILE
COME ALONG, GIRLS, LET'S GET UP TO THE PLATFORM.
BUT...BUT THAT HURRICANE— IT'S DUE IN A FEW MINUTES.

WHAT IS THIS HURRICANE YOU'RE CONTINUALLY RAVING ABOUT?
A TERRIFIC WIND— IT WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING, SINCE HUNT IS DEAD, I DON'T MIND DYING...BUT YOU POOR GIRLS...

OH, YOU'RE JOKING— NO WIND COULD KILL US. THERE GOES THE SIGNAL.


AS ON THE TERRACE BELOW...
NEVER BEFORE DID I THE OCEAN SO CALM SEE.
THAT NOTICED I HAVE, AND THE AIR SO HEAVY IS— ALMOST SOME IMPENDING DANGER I FEEL.
NONSENSE— FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT IT IS TIME— LISTEN!

GENTLEMEN...THE SIGNAL I HAVE GIVEN. ABOVE THE POOL...LOOK!

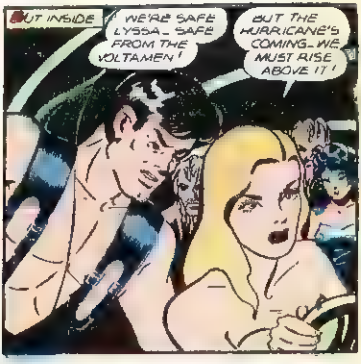
COME GIRLS— FOLLOW ME. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

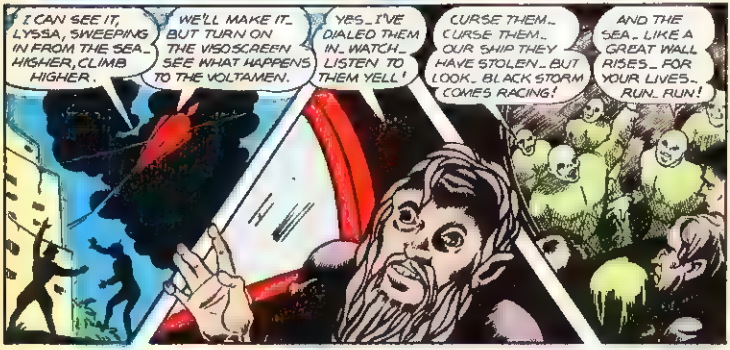
INSTANTLY.
NOTHING MATTERS, FOR SOON THE HURRICANE WILL STRIKE AND WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!

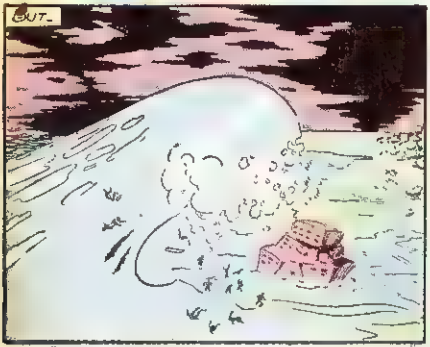
WHILE
IS THERE TIME, BOWMAN, TIME TO SAVE THIS GIRL BEFORE THE HURRICANE STRIKES?
THAT I DON'T KNOW BUT I'D RATHER DIE THAN NOT MAKE THE ATTEMPT. HUSH
LOOK THERE ON THE TERRACE- VOLTAMEN- AND YES, EARTH GIRLS!
THEN THERE ARE OTHERS BESIDES LYSSA. BUT WAIT- THOSE GUARDS BY THE SPACESHIP
AS AHEAD
LISTEN, THE FUN STARTED HAS UP THERE WITH OUR COMRADES WISH WE WERE.
YES, HERE TIME WE WASTE NO ONE OUR SHIP WOULD DARE ATTACK WHAT THAT?
EARTH PEOPLE- HELP! OHHH ...
WATCH- WATCH- THE BEAUTY I WILL SOON HAVE.
AS ABOVE
AH, THE ENTERTAINMENT BEGINS
YES- FOR THE ONE WITH YOUR NUMBER LOOK.
THERE SHE IS- YOU MUST HER CATCH!
HA! YES- YES- GREAT SPORT THIS WILL BE.

AH_FROM ME AWAY YOU NOT GET COME!
LET GO_ LET GO_ OHHH!
HE GOT HER HE GOT HER!
SHE FIGHTS, BUT HE TO THE LADDER SWIMS
HA_HA_ HA_THE PRIZE HE WINS
BUT HOW TO BEHAVE, I WILL YOU TEACH OHHH_
STRIKE TRUE, MEN_SHOW NO MERCY. KILL_KILL_KILL!
LET ME DOWN_ LET ME DOWN!
SUCH BAD MANNERS YOU EARTH GIRLS HAVE
INSTANTLY
SECONDS LATER
OH, HUNT, DEAR, I KNEW YOU WOULD COME IF YOU WERE ALIVE_BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
LYSSA, DARLING, NO TIME TO EXPLAIN IT'S TIME FOR THE HURRICANE _CALL THE GIRLS!

LOOK, LOOK — EARTH PEOPLE OUR LEADERS HAVE KILLED. TO OUR SHIP THEY FLEE!
ALREADY IT THEY HAVE CAPTURED — SOUND ALARM!


BUT INSIDE
WE'RE SAFE LYSSA — SAFE FROM THE VOLTAMEN!
BUT THE HURRICANE'S COMING — WE MUST RISE ABOVE IT!

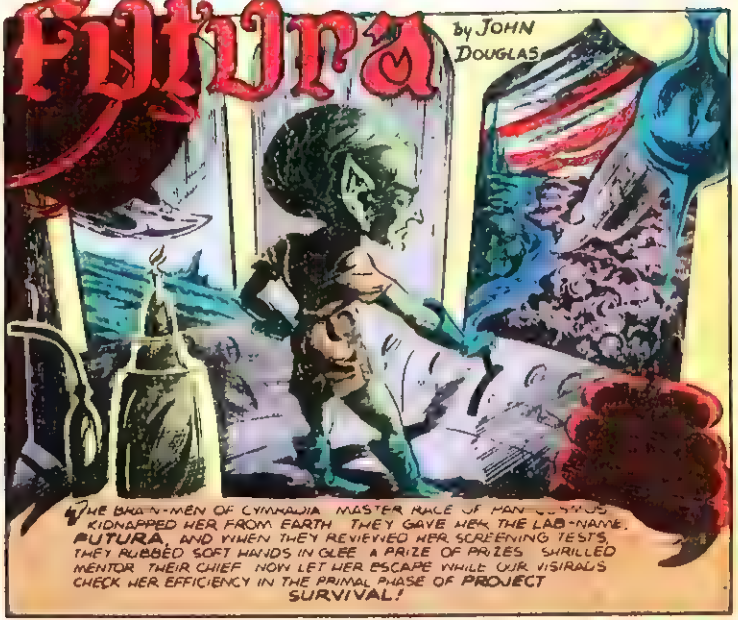

I CAN SEE IT, LYSSA, SWEEPING IN FROM THE SEA — HIGHER, CLIMB HIGHER.
WE'LL MAKE IT — BUT TURN ON THE VISOSCREEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE VOLTAMEN.
YES — I'VE DIALED THEM IN — WATCH — LISTEN TO THEM YELL!
CURSE THEM — CURSE THEM — OUR SHIP THEY HAVE STOLEN — BUT LOOK — BLACK STORM COMES RACING!
AND THE SEA — LIKE A GREAT WALL RISES — FOR YOUR LIVES — RUN — RUN!


BUT —

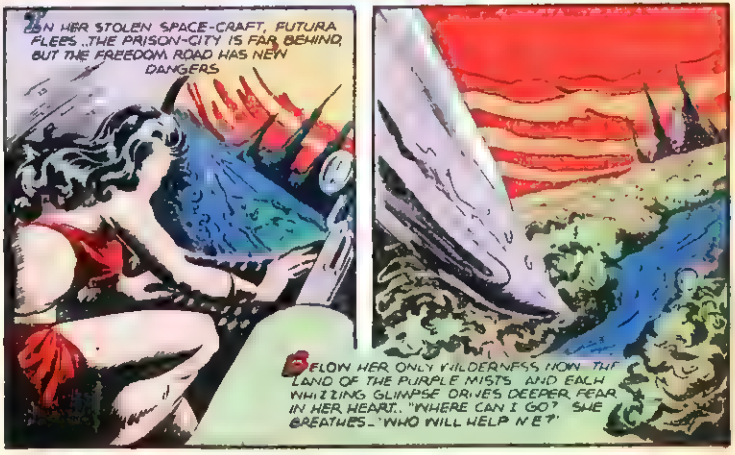
SOON THE TIDAL WAVE HAS DROWNED THEM ALL. NOT A VOLTAMAN IS LEFT IN MIAMI. WE CAN LAND NOW, LYSSA.
GOOD — THE GIRLS WILL STAY HERE WITH THE SWAMP PEOPLE. WE'LL DEVISE A METHOD OF COMMUNICATION WITH THEM

FUTURA

by JOHN DOUGLAS



THE BRAIN-MEN OF CYNNADIA, MASTER RACE OF MAN-[illegible] KIDNAPPED HER FROM EARTH. THEY GAVE HER THE LAB-NAME, FUTURA, AND WHEN THEY REVIEWED HER SCREENING TESTS, THEY RUBBED SOFT HANDS IN GLEE. A PRIZE OF PRIZES, SHRILLED MENTOR, THEIR CHIEF. NOW LET HER ESCAPE WHILE OUR VISIRAYS CHECK HER EFFICIENCY IN THE PRIMAL PHASE OF PROJECT SURVIVAL!



IN HER STOLEN SPACE-CRAFT, FUTURA FLEES...THE PRISON-CITY IS FAR BEHIND, BUT THE FREEDOM ROAD HAS NEW DANGERS

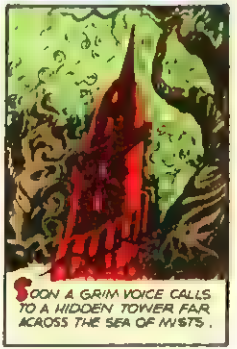
BELOW HER ONLY WILDERNESS NOW. THE LAND OF THE PURPLE MISTS. AND EACH WHIZZING GLIMPSE DRIVES DEEPER FEAR IN HER HEART. "WHERE CAN I GO?" SHE BREATHES..."WHO WILL HELP ME?"

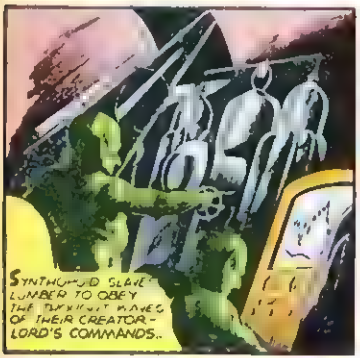
"NO SPACE-CHARTS, NO FOOD! I WASTE MY BOOSTER-JETS NOW- GREAT ZEUS, WHAT'S THAT IN THE VIZO ..."

FUM OUT OF THE MISTS DRAWN ON VIKING CLOUDS, A HORDE FROM INFERNO

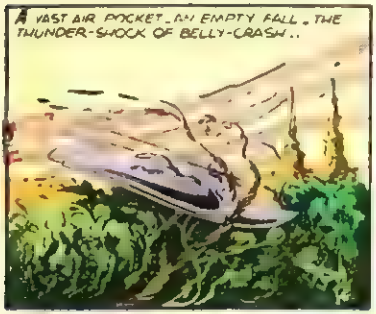
A WHEEL-TWIST EVADES THE HEAD-ON CRASH THE SPACER STAGGERS, THEN RIGHTS AGAIN ..

AND BACK AT HIS LAB, "HERBERT, LORD MENTOR PURRS A HEARTLESS LIFE, AND HE SHALL NOT RISK HER FURTHER NOW IN FINAL OUTPOST SEVEN!"

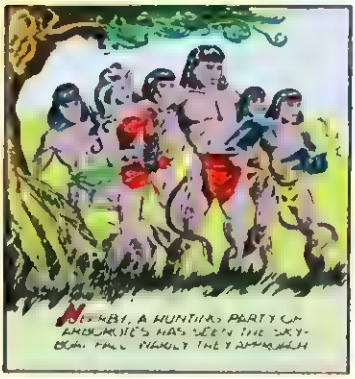

SOON A GRIM VOICE CALLS TO A HIDDEN TOWER FAR ACROSS THE SEA OF MISTS.


SYNTHOID SLAVE LUMBER TO OBEY THE DARKEST WISHES OF THEIR CREATOR-LORD'S COMMANDS..

AND AS THE SEMI-STUNNED FUTURA STILL TESTS HER CONTROLS, A MAELSTROM OF A MILLION VOLTS SPINS THE SKY AROUND HER


A VAST AIR POCKET—AN EMPTY FALL—THE THUNDER-SHOCK OF BELLY-CRASH..

AND AS THE DAZED FUTURA STAGGERS FROM THE WRECKAGE— THE AIR IS "FREE" AND "FOLDS AROUND HER VOICES."

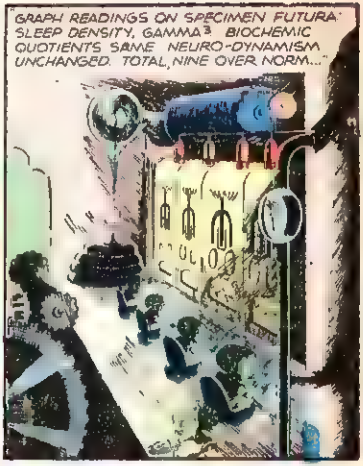

NEARBY, A HUNTING PARTY OF AMAZONIANS HAS SEEN THE SKY-BOAT FALL—NIMBLY THEY APPROACH

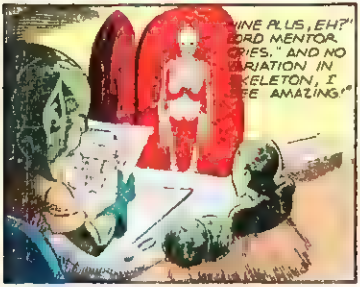
"A STEP OF THE ENEMY MEANS A SHE WHO WEARS THE MASK OF SLAVE BLIND TEN QUEENDOMS IF WE KILL ALL KILL"

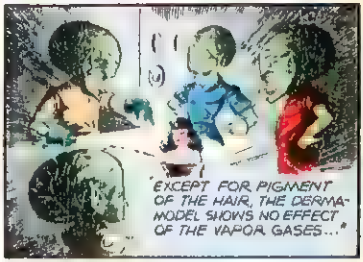
SLOWLY SHE RISES—"I COME IN PEACE," FUTURA SAYS IN THE OLD TONGUE SHE CRIES. I COME IN PEACE.

BUT BLOOD IS IN HER MOUTH THEY TURN IN PAIN DAWN WHEN SHE WHISPERS HOW CAN I MAKE THEM HELP ME?

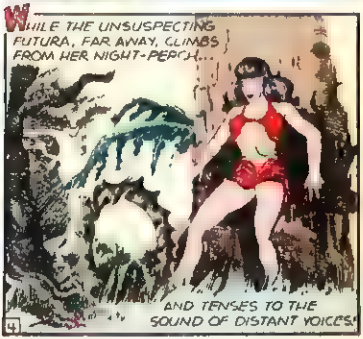
AND IN CYMRAD CITY, AS NIGHT TURNS TO DAY, THE TESTS OF PROJECT SURVIVAL GO ON...

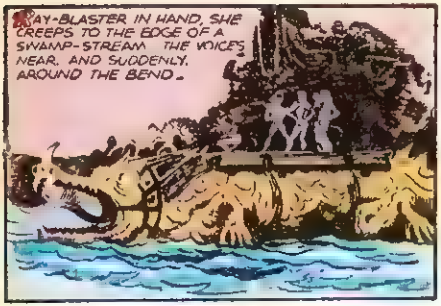

GRAPH READINGS ON SPECIMEN FUTURA: SLEEP DENSITY, GAMMA 3 BIOCHEMIC QUOTIENTS SAME NEURO-DYNAMISM UNCHANGED. TOTAL, NINE OVER NORM...


NINE PLUS, EH?" LORD MENTOR CRIES," AND NO VARIATION IN SKELETON, I SEE AMAZING!"

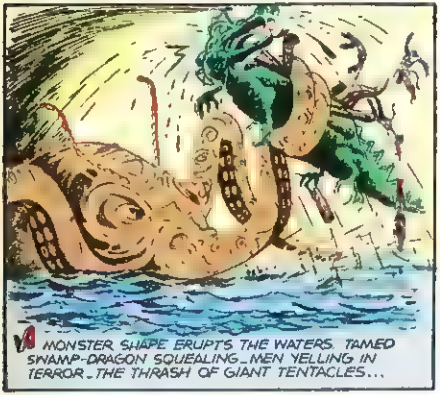

EXCEPT FOR PIGMENT OF THE HAIR, THE DERMA-MODEL SHOWS NO EFFECT OF THE VAPOR GASES..."

"AND HERE SHE WAKES ON OUR TELE-SCREEN LET US WATCH HER CLOSELY, FOR SHE MAY BE THE KEY THAT SAVES OUR RACE FOR THE FUTURE!"

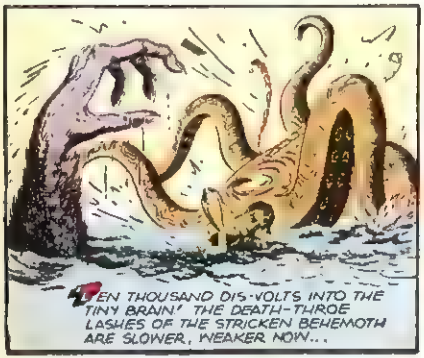

WHILE THE UNSUSPECTING FUTURA, FAR AWAY, CLIMBS FROM HER NIGHT-PERCH...
AND TENSES TO THE SOUND OF DISTANT VOICES!


RAY-BLASTER IN HAND, SHE CREEPS TO THE EDGE OF A SWAMP-STREAM. THE VOICES NEAR. AND SUDDENLY, AROUND THE BEND.

ARBOROTES. BUT AN EARTH FACE AMONG THEM! NOW THEY SEE HER. BUT WHY DOES ONE TURN, SCREAMING?


A MONSTER SHAPE ERUPTS THE WATERS. TAMED SWAMP-DRAGON SQUEALING. MEN YELLING IN TERROR. THE THRASH OF GIANT TENTACLES...

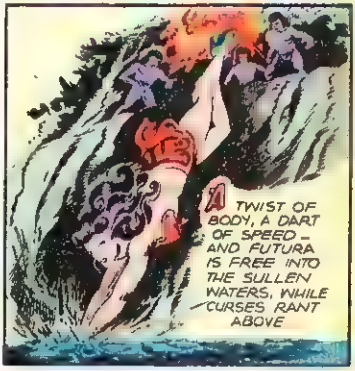
AND FUTURA LAUNCHING TO THEIR AID "THE EYE! I MUST BLAST ITS EYE!"

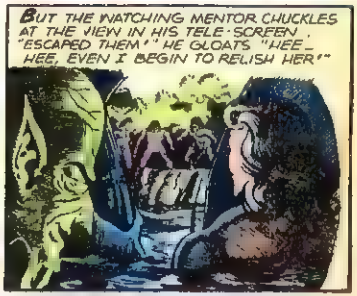

TEN THOUSAND DIS-VOLTS INTO THE TINY BRAIN! THE DEATH-THROE LASHES OF THE STRICKEN BEHEMOTH ARE SLOWER, WEAKER NOW...

BUT WHY DOES THE ARBOROTE LEADER CLENCH A GRIM FIST AS HIS RESCUER APPROACHES?
5

"DO YOU SPEAK TRANS-COSMO?" FUTURA ASKS. "I WAS STOLEN FROM EARTH- A PRISONER IN CYMRADIA... WHY DO YOU FROWN? WHY DO YOU EYE ME SO QUEERLY?"

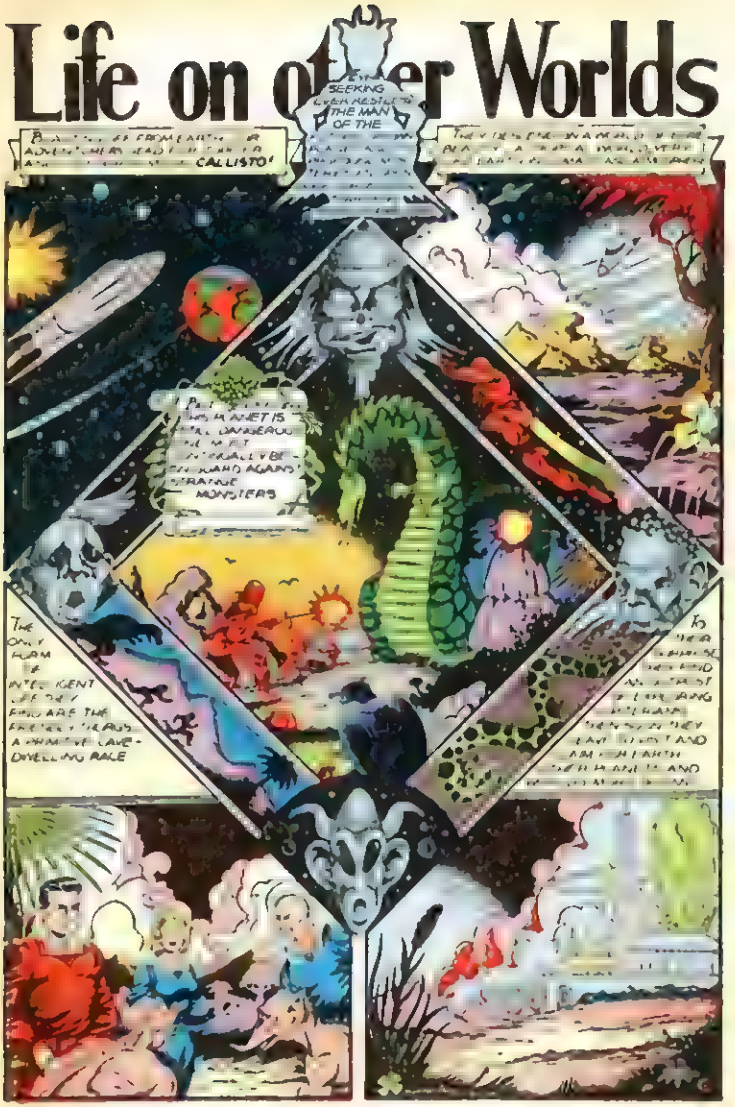
SUDDENLY A GRAB OF HANDS
"BECAUSE YOU WEAR THE SILVON BAND," HE ANSWERS. "BECAUSE I AM JARL NORD, AND THE GREAT-HEADS WOULD PAY MY WEIGHT IN GUERDONS TO KILL ME.. "





HUNTED AFTER, SPIED UPON, LIVING IN DOUBLE JEOPARDY, FUTURA SCALES NEW PEAKS OF ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT PLANET COMICS!

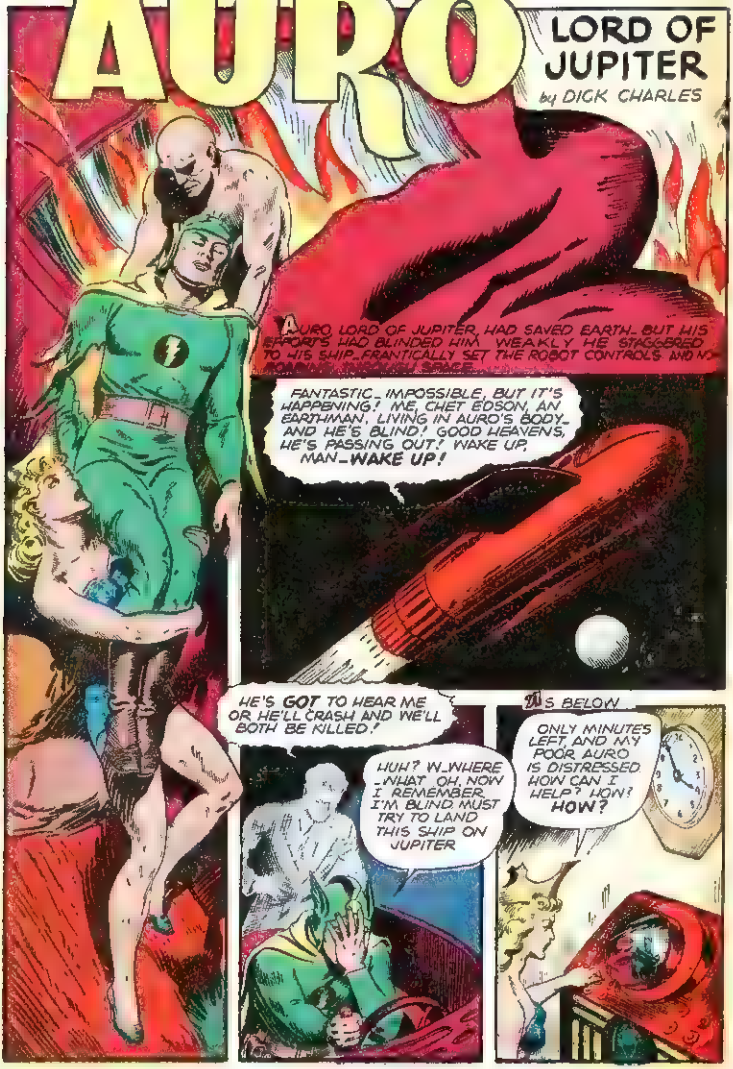
Life on other Worlds


SEEKING EVEN RESTLESS THE MAN OF THE
CALISTO!
THE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS ARE THE FRIENDLY NEARS... A PRIMITIVE CAVE-DWELLING RACE

AURO

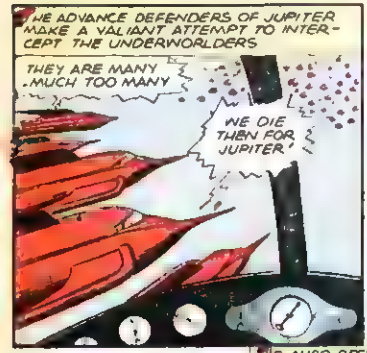
LORD OF JUPITER

by DICK CHARLES


AURO, LORD OF JUPITER, HAD SAVED EARTH—BUT HIS EFFORTS HAD BLINDED HIM. WEAKLY HE STAGGERED TO HIS SHIP, FRANTICALLY SET THE ROBOT CONTROLS AND NO
FANTASTIC—IMPOSSIBLE, BUT IT'S HAPPENING! ME, CHET EDSON, AN EARTHMAN, LIVING IN AURO'S BODY—AND HE'S BLIND! GOOD HEAVENS, HE'S PASSING OUT! WAKE UP, MAN—WAKE UP!
HE'S GOT TO HEAR ME OR HE'LL CRASH AND WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED!
HUH? W-WHERE—WHAT OH, NOW I REMEMBER. I'M BLIND MUST TRY TO LAND THIS SHIP ON JUPITER
S BELOW
ONLY MINUTES LEFT, AND MY POOR AURO IS DISTRESSED HOW CAN I HELP? HOW?

WHY DOESN'T HE RADIO DORNA TO TURN ON THE MAGNETIC DIRECTIONAL BEAM? WHY DOESN'T HE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE?
MAGNETIC DIRECTIONAL BEAM— MUST RADIO DORNA TO TURN IT ON!
DORNA! DORNA! TURN ON MAGNETIC DIRECTIONAL BEAM. DON'T FAIL ME!
YES, AURO, YES OH, I HOPE THIS IS THE RIGHT SWITCH!
GOOD! IT'S CAUGHT THE SHIP, BUT I CANNOT STEER. MY EYES BETRAY ME
HURTLING DOWNWARD
DORNA! PREPARE FOR CRASH LANDING
GET HIM OUT QUICKLY. HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE. MOVE, YOU IDIOTS!
HURRY, FOOLS! NEVER MIND THE FLAMES. AURO IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR WORTHLESS LIVES
RUSH HIM TO THE HOSPITAL AT ONCE. HE MUST BE SAVED BEFORE THE UNDERWORLDERS LEARN OF THIS! WE ARE LOST IF THEY DO!

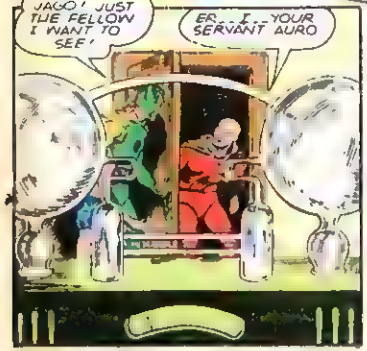
MEANWHILE, AT THE LAIR OF THE UNDERWORLDERS.
WAH! AURO IS BLIND AND HELPLESS NOW IS THE TIME TO AVENGE ROGO'S DEATH AND PROVE MYSELF A WORTHY SUCCESSOR
ORDER EVERY AVAILABLE SHIP INTO THE AIR WE MOVE ON JUPITER IN FULL FORCE IMMEDIATELY!
SOON
OUR DEATH BIRDS SPEED TO THE KILL GOOD LUCK, FRIENDS BRING BACK THE WEALTH OF JUPITER AND LEAVE CARNAGE BEHIND YOU!
MEANWHILE
I CAN SEE! WOH-
A VERY SIMPLE OPERATION, DEAR THEY GAVE YOU THE EYES OF A DEAD MAN!
DORNA!
THE UNDERWORLDERS ATTACK THE TIME RADAR SHOWS THEM ONLY ONE DAY'S FLIGHT AWAY!
WE ARE LOST! WE HAVE NOTHING TO STOP THEM
WELL, ONE SHIP WILL MEET THEM
GOODNESS, MORE FIGHTING! THE LAB.. HE MUST LOOK IN THE LAB..THERE MAY BE SOMETHING THERE
WAIT, DORNA! LET US TRY THE LAB FIRST!
AURO! HERE'S SOMETHING IS IT OF ANY VALUE?
NO. IT'S ONLY A FORMULA FOR THE OBSELETE ATOMIC BOMB GET OUR DEFENDERS UP WHILE WE SEARCH FURTHER!
THE UNDER-WORLDERS ARE COMING CLOSER I'M FRIGHTENED.. THERE MUST BE A WAY


WE ADVANCE DEFENDERS OF JUPITER MAKE A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO INTERCEPT THE UNDERWORLDERS
THEY ARE MANY ..MUCH TOO MANY
WE DIE THEN FOR JUPITER!

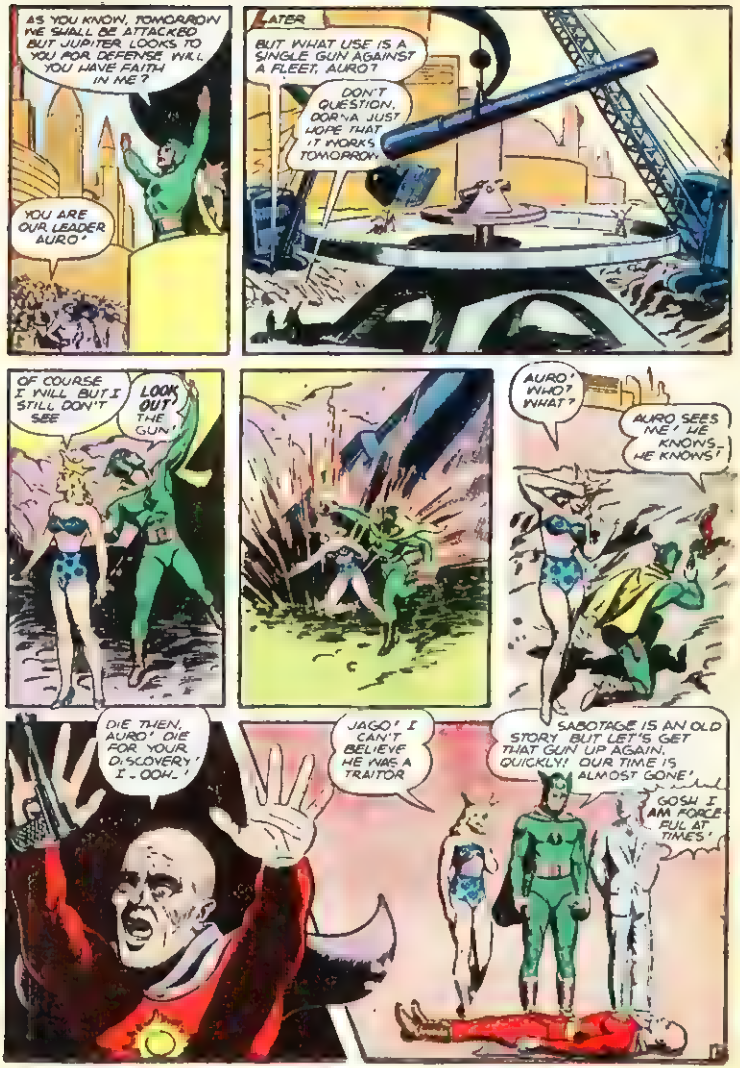
BUT THE STRUGGLE IS FUTILE
AH! THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM
WELL DONE! ON TO JUPITER
ADVANCE DEFENDERS REPORTING TO JUPITER. WE ARE - OOH!

THIS WILL BE EASIER THAN I EXPECTED JUPITER IS COMPLETELY WITHOUT DEFENSE.

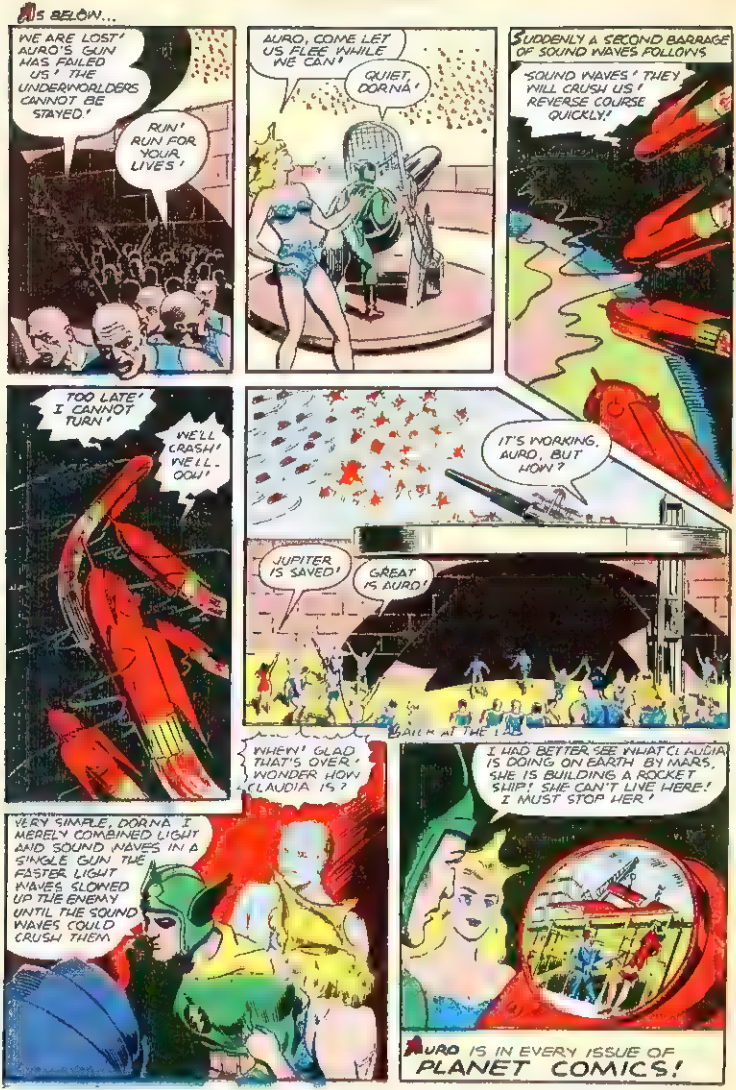
AURO RECEIVES THE REPORT
CONFOUND IT! OUR DEFENDERS ARE DESTROYED NOW WE HAVE NOTHING BUT BOOKS TO FIGHT WITH!
HERE IT IS, IF ONLY HE WILL LOOK!
HMM! STILL, THIS SOUNDS AS THOUGH IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING
GOOD! POSSIBLY WE CAN STOP THOSE AWFUL PEOPLE

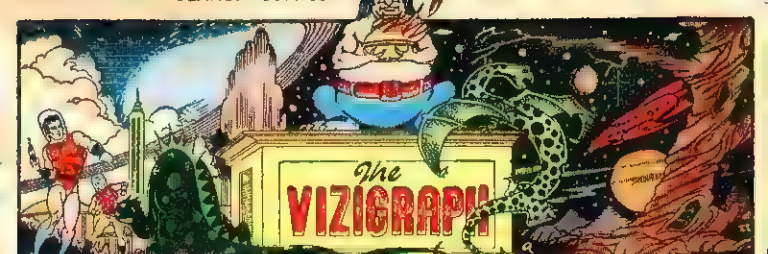

JAGO! JUST THE FELLOW I WANT TO SEE!
ER... I... YOUR SERVANT AURO

I WANT YOU, AS PRIME MINISTER, TO ORDER EVERY ABLE BODIED MAN TO ASSEMBLE BENEATH THE PALACE BALCONY. JUPITER MAY YET BE SAVED
AT ONCE, AURO


AS YOU KNOW, TOMORROW WE SHALL BE ATTACKED BUT JUPITER LOOKS TO YOU FOR DEFENSE WILL YOU HAVE FAITH IN ME?
YOU ARE OUR LEADER AURO!
LATER
BUT WHAT USE IS A SINGLE GUN AGAINST A FLEET, AURO?
DON'T QUESTION, DORNA JUST HOPE THAT IT WORKS TOMORROW
OF COURSE I WILL BUT I STILL DON'T SEE
LOOK OUT THE GUN!
AURO! WHO? WHAT?
AURO SEES ME! HE KNOWS- HE KNOWS!
DIE THEN, AURO! DIE FOR YOUR DISCOVERY! I - OOH!
JAGO! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE WAS A TRAITOR
SABOTAGE IS AN OLD STORY BUT LET'S GET THAT GUN UP AGAIN, QUICKLY! OUR TIME IS ALMOST GONE!
GOSH I AM FORCEFUL AT TIMES!

NEXT MORNING
LET ME SEE. DIALS AND BREECH WORK FINE EVERYTHING APPEARS IN ORDER
OH I DO HOPE SO, AURO'
HE'D BETTER CHECK THE TRAINING, THOUGH
AND SHE TRAINS PERFECTLY, HO! WE MAY SURPRISE THE UNDERWORLDERS AT THAT'
I DETEST VIOLENCE HOW I WISH IT WERE OVER'
HOSTILE SPACE SHIPS APPROACH!
VERY WELL WE ARE READY FOR THEM. I TINGLE AT THE PROSPECT!
THERE IS NO THRILL LIKE BATTLE. I'LL HAVE THEM IN MY SIGHTS IN A MOMENT, AND THEN-
WHY MUST PEOPLE FIGHT? THE NOISE IS GOING TO BE AWFUL!
HO
LIGHT BEAMS! THEY CANNOT HURT US SERIOUSLY
NO DAMAGE SIR
DID THE FOOLS SEEK TO HALT US WITH AN ORDINARY LIGHT GUN? FORWARD!
6


AS BELOW...
WE ARE LOST! AURO'S GUN HAS FAILED US! THE UNDERWORLDERS CANNOT BE STAYED!
RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
AURO, COME LET US FLEE WHILE WE CAN!
QUIET, DORNA!
SUDDENLY A SECOND BARRAGE OF SOUND WAVES FOLLOWS
"SOUND WAVES! THEY WILL CRUSH US! REVERSE COURSE QUICKLY!"
TOO LATE! I CANNOT TURN!
WE'LL CRASH! WE'LL... OOH!
IT'S WORKING, AURO, BUT HOW?
JUPITER IS SAVED!
GREAT IS AURO!
BACK AT THE LAB
WHEW! GLAD THAT'S OVER! WONDER HOW CLAUDIA IS?
I HAD BETTER SEE WHAT CLAUDIA IS DOING ON EARTH BY MARS. SHE IS BUILDING A ROCKET SHIP! SHE CAN'T LIVE HERE! I MUST STOP HER!
VERY SIMPLE, DORNA! I MERELY COMBINED LIGHT AND SOUND WAVES IN A SINGLE GUN THE FASTER LIGHT WAVES SLOWED UP THE ENEMY UNTIL THE SOUND WAVES COULD CRUSH THEM.
AURO IS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!


The
VIZIGRAPH
ATTENTION VIZIFANS!
PLANET COMICS is a magazine of science, fiction and adventure. It is your magazine and this is your page! Since this art of telepathy is not

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Dear Readers:

Yielding to the constantly increasing demand from thousands of our readers, the editors of PLANET COMICS have decided to launch a Vizigraph with this issue.

If you think that Auro, Lord of Jupiter, should rid the universe of the monsters inhabiting Astroid PB,,please say so If you agree that we should take warning from Lost World and demand that the SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE UNITED STATES OF EARTH should start building a fleet of spaceships to defend themselves against the Volta Men say so!

So we're off . . . let's put this over! Make your letters brief and don't pull your punches.

The Editor

Dear Readers:

In our May issue, we requested suggestions from you as to what we should call Flint Baker's side kick, the little blond brat, now named Hercules. For this excellent suggestion, we wish to thank Miss Betty Harriman, of New York City.

We must also thank the rest of you for your generous response to our appellation dilemma.

Hugh Fitzhugh

THANKS

Dear Editor,

I've been reading Planet Comics for a long time and am a rabid science-fiction fan. Appreciate the opportunity to sound off on the subject of the mag One by one. Lost World—so so; I don't quite get the idea of that lingo of the Volta Men. Futura manoman, solid! Mead and shou ders above the rest Space Rangers—good Star Pirate—okay. Good stories and art but every now and then somebody seems to be walking around in a 1946 costume. Mysta—hubba, hubba! All in all, I wouldn't miss a copy Yours for a bigger and better planet.

Betty Sullivan,
Petersburg, Virginia

* * *

WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

Dear Editor:

I think that all of your Planet Comics are out of this world, but my particular favorite is Auro, Lord of Jupiter. Both the drawings and plots in this feature are so good as to be almost unbelievable. I like Mysta of the Moon almost as well, but wish that she would get a boy friend. I certainly would like to see some husky fellow helping her out of her scrapes. Lost World is a most interesting series, but please ask Thorneciffe Herrick if he can't have the Volta Men speak straight talk. I find their lingo most confusing and think that it slows up the story. Best wishes to you and your excellent staff.

Sincerely,
Wally Rinaldo
Sage of the Stratosphere
Pierre, South Dakota

Ed Note: Thanks for the kind words, Wally. Mysta does get an assistant (male) in a forthcoming issue of Planet Comics. Not sure that we can do anything about the Volta Men, though. Thornecliffe Herrick assures us that theirs is authentic Volta speech.

* * *

WOLF CALL

Dear Editor:

Shades of Venusian Valkyries! Where did you dig that lush Futura? All she needs is a Hollywood contract and her Futura is assured (Please pardon pun). But seriously, that cabbage head you call Mentor went out with bustles. Let's give him and his synthresoide the bounce and settle down to some real Science Fiction stuff. Why don't you have Futura team up with the jungle gang and go to work on the slick chicks in the city? Seems for me that a gal like that, even she does have only a norm plus ten rating, could handle Mentors mutants with mittens on.

Yours for a better Planet Comics,
George Griswald
Death Valley

* * *

VOLTIFIC OBSESSION

Dear Editor:

Please, oh please take off those sloppy boots that Hunt Bowman is forced to wear in LOST WORLD. I like this feature, but I am tired of.

1 Hunt's boots
2 The Voltamen, I HATE the Voltamen
Alt your other features are fine. I would like to see the great Star Pirate a bit more wolfish, though Doesn't seem natural for such a devil-may care character not to wink at a gal now and then.

Wistfully yours for no more Voltamen,
Jennie Arbuckle,
Delaware Mts., Texas

* * *

THE HUMAN ELEMENT

Dear Editor:

PLANET COMICS is okay for my dime. However, why don't you get hep with that Space Ranger Story? Don't be so darn serious all the time . . . get a little human personality into Flint Baker. Why doesn't he ever do anything wrong . . . or lose his temper . . . or kiss that blond hunk o' stuff, Mary? Come come, let's not be perfect, shall we?

Humanly yours,
Bill MacVey
Kingston, New York

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

INTO THE DEPTHS OF INTER-STELLAR SPACE, FLINT BAKER FLUNG HIS TINY ROCKO-CRUISER. BEHIND HIM LAY A SHATTERED CAREER - BEFORE HIM, THE DREAD UNKNOWN AND DESTINY ORDAINED HIS PATH WOULD LEAD TO THE ASTRAL WORLD of the MIND STEALERS!

YIPES! ANOTHER POINT FOR YOU, HERC. GOTTA BRUSH UP ON MY ROBO-TENNIS, YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR ME

AW, YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT 'CAUSE IT'S TRUE!

SUDDENLY

FLINT! FLINT! IT'S ME, MARY THE VICEROY'S SHIP HAS BEEN ATTACKED!

A SPACE PIRATE CAUGHT THEM BY SURPRISE THEY SAID THEY COULDN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

QUICK! INTO MY RACER!

THEY WERE ON A CURVING COORDINATE INTO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE WHEN THE ATTACK BEGAN
OKAY, MARY, WE'LL HEAD TO RANGER H.Q FOR THE LATEST DOPE
LISTEN, BAKER, HOW COME THE VICEROY COULDN'T HANDLE ONE L'IL OL' PIRATE?
HE WAS USING HIS ROCKO-YACHT, HERC BEEN CHECKING THE RADITE-SHIP COURSE WITH THE MERCURIANS.
NOTHING TO IT, MY BOY. WE REPULSED THE SPACE PIRATES EASILY. I HAVE HERE THE MERCURIAN APPROVED PLAN FOR SAFE-GUARDING THE RADITE SHIP
AW NUTS..WE SHOULDA STUCK TO ROBO-TENNIS.
LOOK, HE'S COMING IN. MARY, MUZZLE THIS CHATTER BOX WHILE I QUIZ THE BOSS MAN
SOON.
YES SIR! ANOTHER FLASH SAYING THEY BEAT OFF THE ATTACK! HE'LL LAND SOON!
ANY MORE FROM THE VICEROY?
HA! ONCE I HAVE THE RADITE EXPLOSIVES FOR MY TORPEX TUBES, I'LL BLAST THE SPACE LANES WIDE OPEN!
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE PIRATE CRAFT
COORDINATE TO 138 63 ACCLIVATE TO FULL VORTEX POWER. WE'RE GOING TO NAB THE PRIZE OF THE CENTURY..A LOADED RADITE SHIP!

AS, IN THE VICEROY'S OFFICE
THIS IS THE COURSE THE RADITE SHIP WILL TAKE. NO GUARD SHIP WILL BE NEEDED. GIVE SPACE CONTROL THE ORDER
?
BUT, SIR, THAT'S RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ASTEROID BELT SOME PIRATE WILL NAB THE SHIP AND IT'S UNARMED!
NONSENSE, BAKER MY MIND IS MADE UP SEE THAT MY ORDER IS CARRIED OUT AT ONCE!
LATER
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, TROOPER SOMEBODY WILL GET IN TROUBLE FOR THIS
JUST DO AS I SAY, TECHNICIAN 3/C I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY.
THE RADITE SHIP DEPARTS.
NOW FOR MY OWN CRUISER I'VE GOTTA TAIL THAT RADITE BUGGY
WOW! 2½ LIGHT HOURS AHEAD AND STILL ACCELERATING. BUT WITH MY JOB IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO CATCH UP
3

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE VICEROY ACTED THE WAY HE DID. SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE. THIS WAIT! WHAT WAS THAT?
SO TIME TO TAKE YOU BACK I'M TAILING THE RADITE SHIP. GOT A HUNCH PIRATES ARE AFTER IT.
SHE'S OURS, MEN. STAND BY TO BOARD. WE'RE COMING ON THE ARCH

HEY, TROOPER, PIPE THE GIMMICK. THE RADITE SHIP IS STALLED.
QUIET, HERCULES, CAN'T YOU SEE THAT FLINT IS BUSY?
HE'S RIGHT, MARY! SHE'S BEEN ATTACKED. WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE THEY UNLOAD THE CARGO!
AS AHEAD
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM, PROFESSOR
RADITE! AT LAST THIS TUBE PACKS A BIGGER PUNCH THAN A WILD COMET!
PROFESSOR! A RANGER CRUISER'S HEADING IN.. FAST!
WHAT! THAT IS NOT ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUCTIONS. QUICK! LOAD THE RADITE INTO THE TORPEX TUBES!
NO MATTER HOW HEAVILY ARMORED THAT CRUISER IS, THIS RADITE WILL BLAST 'EM TO SHREDS! FIRE!
INSTANTLY THE DEADLY MISSILE SPEEDS TOWARDS THE RANGER SHIP..

BULL'S EYE! THAT'S ONE RANGER WHO WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!
BUT...
FIRE THE FORWARD GUNS, HERC. THEY'RE ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED. YOU CAN'T MISS!
OKAY, FLINT!
BLOWN TO BITS! BUT WHY DIDN'T THEIR BOMB DO THE SAME TO US? WHY DIDN'T OUR SHIP BLOW UP?
SIMPLE, MARY. I SUSPECTED THE RADITE SHIP WOULD BE CAPTURED, SO I HAD THE RADITE REMOVED AND SUBSTITUTED HARMLESS FLASH POWDER.
LATER...IN THE RANGER HOSPITAL.
SHH! THE VICEROY IS COMING OUT OF IT NOW
WH-WHAT TH WHERE AM I? THOSE PIRATES.. NOW I REMEMBER.. PROFESSOR X.. HIS PIERCING EYES HE MUST HAVE HYPNOTIZED ME!
WORSE THAN THAT, VICEROY. HE ALSO GAVE YOU POST-HYPNOTIC INSTRUCTIONS FOR SETTING THE COURSE OF THE RADITE SHIP NO WONDER HE KNEW WHERE IT WOULD BE. HE SET THE COURSE HIMSELF!
EH! ROUND WITH THE RADITE SHIP
VERY CLEVER, BAKER, BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED HOW THE PIRATE FOUND OUT THE SHIP'S COURSE.

Space Rangers in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

Telecast From the Future?

by GORDON ROGET

YESTERDAY, just before this magazine went to press, a young lad came into my office. Visibly excited, he introduced himself as John Williams and asked me if I would listen to his story. He was a well set young fellow of about sixteen, and as he was obviously distressed, I agreed.

He told me that he was a ham radio operator, and that he spent most of his time listening to foreign broadcasts in the attic of his house. A novel sort of a house that his father, an astronomer, had built as an observatory in the Rockies.

According to his story John was in the attic one evening, working his set, when every station and every frequency was blocked out by a minute of continuous static. A low pitched voice with a melodious accent began to speak. The message was so astounding that at first he believed it was a hoax. Gradually, however, he became convinced that the musical voice was relating sober fact.

The speaker was evidently intelligent. According to him he was broadcasting from the future. There followed a scientific explanation of just how this was accomplished. To John is was mere gibberish, but he understood enough to gather that although the speaker was able to annihilate time, he was unable to conquer distance.

For a long time John listened to this lilting voice unable to believe what he heard and equally unable to doubt it. He told me the story, and I found myself falling under the same spell. What follows here is a brief résumé of the incredible message that John Williams claimed to have heard.

"I, Darious, Scientist of the First Order, bring you the last telecast from our station atop the Rocky Mountains. We of the ruling council wish to thank you for the steadfast way you have withstood the trials of the past two years. Perhaps this may be our last broadcast, for the Darwinian minions even now are lapping at the edges of our fort. Be of good cheer, people of the United World Federation, we bring you good news. At last we have discovered a solution to the seemingly insoluble problem of the Darwinia. We may be buried under the encroaching hordes, but we will fight our way clear again. At least we hope so.

"All of you remember that June morning when the world was electrified with news of visitors from space. The flaring headlines on your televised papers. The newscaster who fainted with excitement while broadcasting. What a day that was when first the grey spaceships curved into the stratosphere and hung motionless above America. Remember how we strove to communicate with these evident masters of science?

"On every frequency we sent them messages. Every sort of visual signal that we could devise was made. All types of strato-rockets tried to reach them. Yet our listeners on the radio were rewarded only with silence. Our visual signals went unanswered and the grey ships calmly withdrew whenever one of our rocket ships approached too close.

"Apparently there was no menace. The other worlders made no hostile move. For a week they cruised above the surface of the earth. Each continent was visited before they departed. Our electronic telescopes followed them for a few million miles on a curving coordinate towards Mars. Then we lost sight of them.

"The first hint of the fate that the 'outer worlders' planned for us came from the pilot of a rocko-tramp plying the Great Circle course between New York and Australia. He reported sighting a strange grey substance floating on the sea. Scientists at once investigated and brought back samples to their laboratories. Shortly they emerged with an innocent report. It was a hitherto unclassified unicellular animal; greyish in color, and visible only because their number was so immense. Reproduction was accomplished by binnary fission and life was maintained by every type of natural food. The creature was extremely hardy and had rudimentary in-

telligence. This reasoning power had enabled it to overcome the natural enemies of its habitat. Unchecked, it had expanded rapidly. Why it had not been isolated before, the scientists were unable to say.

"Further reports on this microscopic animal which we had named Darwinia drifted in. The area was markedly increasing. It spread down to the sea bottom as well as across its surface.

"Meanwhile, in their laboratories, the scientists had not been idle. They announced that the Darwinia had the ability to divide themselves in two once every thirty six hours. Also that each new generation changed subtly, adding some new factor of adaptability.

"At this juncture the first efforts were made to reduce the Darwinia which now occupied an area of 240 square miles. Rocko-planes were dispatched, armed with flame throwers of great power. Within an hour every vestige of the Darwinia was burned from the surface of the Pacific. But underneath the surface they grew apace.

"Faster and faster they spread. Doubling, redoubling and doubling again. Not a fish remained alive in the area they occupied. Too wise to reappear on the surface of the water, they continued to spread under the surface. Such fish as swam unwarily over the edge of their area were swiftly killed. Their method was odd but highly effective. Each animalcule exuded a current from its body which alone would scarcely have stunned an amoeba. But they possessed the power of grouping together in colonies and combining their electric powers. Thus they were able to stun the fish which drifted down to the mass below the surface. These they ate and ingested in a few brief moments.

"Many efforts were made to rid the world of this horror. Atomic bombs blasted great holes in the sub-surface ranks but failed to stay their march. Poisons were devised which were effective at first, but strangely lost their ability to harm the hideous creatures within hours of the first time they were used. So highly adaptable were the Darwinia that they could synthesize the poison used against them until they were not only immune to it, but able to utilize it as food.

"All this time the Darwinia had been advancing through the Pacific. With horror the world read and heard how they overwhelmed the Marshall atolls and with them the diehards who refused to evacuate in the face of the inevitable. This was the first time that human lives had been lost to the Darwinia and the world awakened to its peril.

"Suddenly they realized the connection between the grey space-ships that came to Earth a year ago and the incredibly destructive Darwinia which appeared shortly after they departed.

"Now it was the turn of the scientists to group together. From all over the world they came. The best brains we had. They laid down terms that transformed the world from a group of squabbling nations to a world with a single benevolent government. Then they began to fight the Darwinia with every resource of the world behind them.

"Of what use is it to retell a story that you know so well. Suffice it to say that they fought nobly. Many sacrificed their lives in vain. First of the Continents to go was Australia. Surrounded on all sides by the rampant Darwinia they fought with courage unparalleled in the annals of history. But they perished on the land they fought to save.

The steady, inexorable conquest continued. Night and day the flame throwers worked and the bombs fell, but they could no longer even hold ground against the Darwinia.

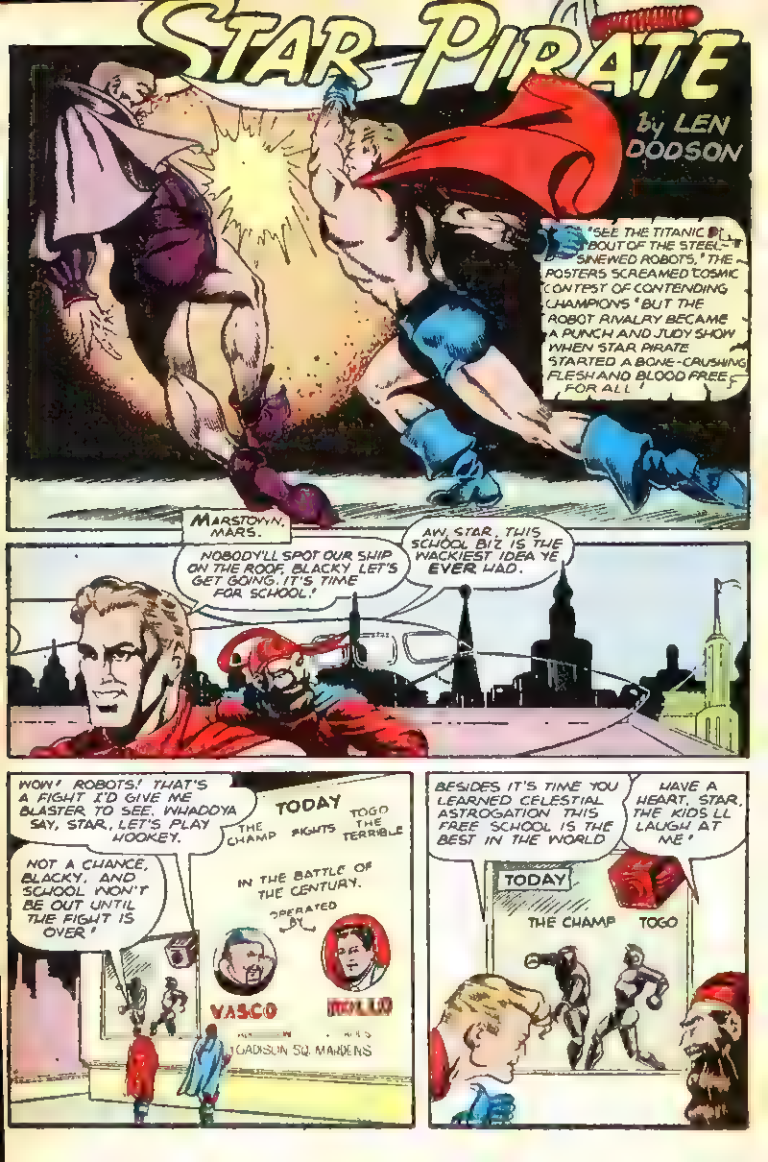
"Only a month ago the last African outpost fell and we have heard nothing from them since. Our scout flyers report that the entire continent is a grey mass indistinguishable from the sea surrounding it.

"Gradually the outposts in America have succumbed. We scientists built our fort atop this peak in the Rocky Mountains. Night and day we have worked against time, certain that we would find an answer to the menace of the Darwinia. At last we feel that we have found it. Tomorrow we use it for the first time. Even before we ready the first weapon the Darwinia will have buried this station beneath the horrid mass of their bodies. Do not be alarmed if our broadcast ceases suddenly as it is impossible to broadcast once our converters have been neutralized by the body current of the Darwinia.

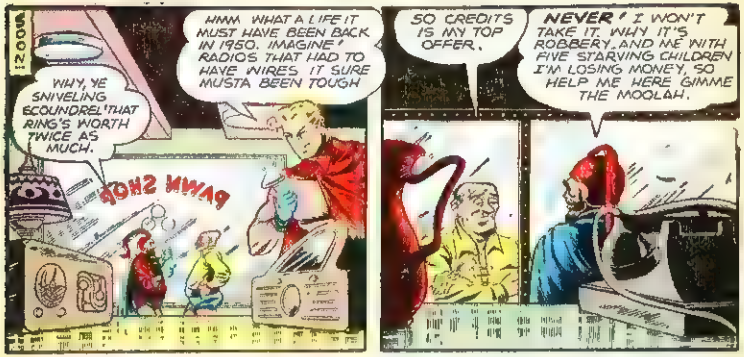
"If our weapon fails, you will not hear our voice again. Perhaps then we shall never know the purpose of this strange invasion. It is possible that some dormant spore clinging to the hull of the space ships fell into the Pacific. There it quickly mastered its weak natural enemies. Perhaps this is not really an unintelligent form of life but the actual creatures who piloted the space craft. Perhaps they are the Darwinia

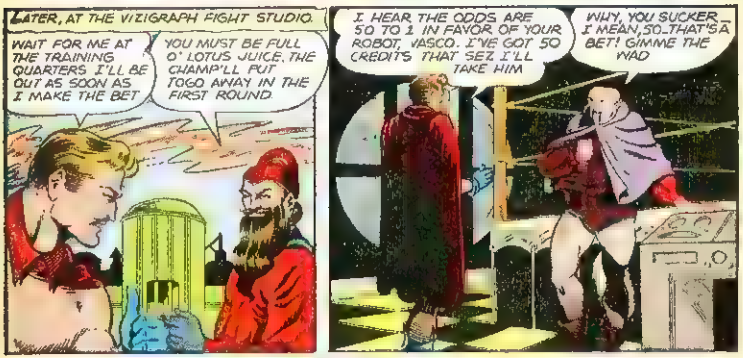
Here the message ended. The radio went dead. John Williams heard no more. I leave it to you to judge if he told the truth.

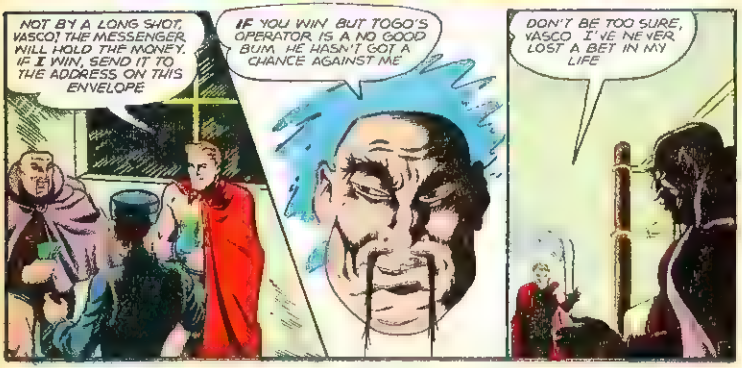
If it was the truth I wonder if Darious and his men of science conquered the Darwinia or did that weapon also fail?

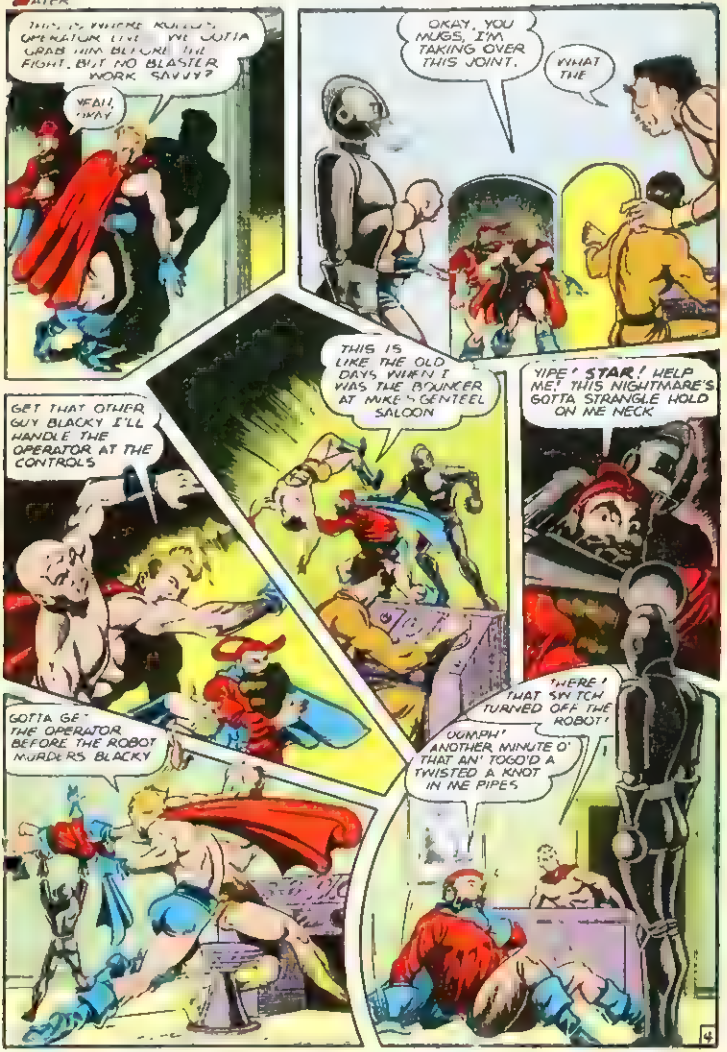

STAR PIRATE
by LEN DODSON
'SEE THE TITANIC BOUT OF THE STEEL-SINEWED ROBOTS,' THE POSTERS SCREAMED COSMIC CONTEST OF CONTENDING CHAMPIONS 'BUT THE ROBOT RIVALRY BECAME A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW WHEN STAR PIRATE STARTED A BONE-CRUSHING FLESH AND BLOOD FREE FOR ALL!
MARSTOWN, MARS.
NOBODY'LL SPOT OUR SHIP ON THE ROOF, BLACKY. LET'S GET GOING. IT'S TIME FOR SCHOOL!
AW, STAR, THIS SCHOOL BIZ IS THE WACKIEST IDEA YE EVER HAD.
WOW! ROBOTS! THAT'S A FIGHT I'D GIVE ME BLASTER TO SEE. WHADDYA SAY, STAR, LET'S PLAY HOOKEY.
TODAY
THE CHAMP FIGHTS TOGO THE TERRIBLE
IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY.
OPERATED BY
VASCO
MOLLO
MADISON SQ. MARDENS
NOT A CHANCE, BLACKY. AND SCHOOL WON'T BE OUT UNTIL THE FIGHT IS OVER!
BESIDES IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED CELESTIAL ASTROGATION THIS FREE SCHOOL IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD
HAVE A HEART, STAR, THE KIDS LL LAUGH AT ME!
TODAY
THE CHAMP TOGO

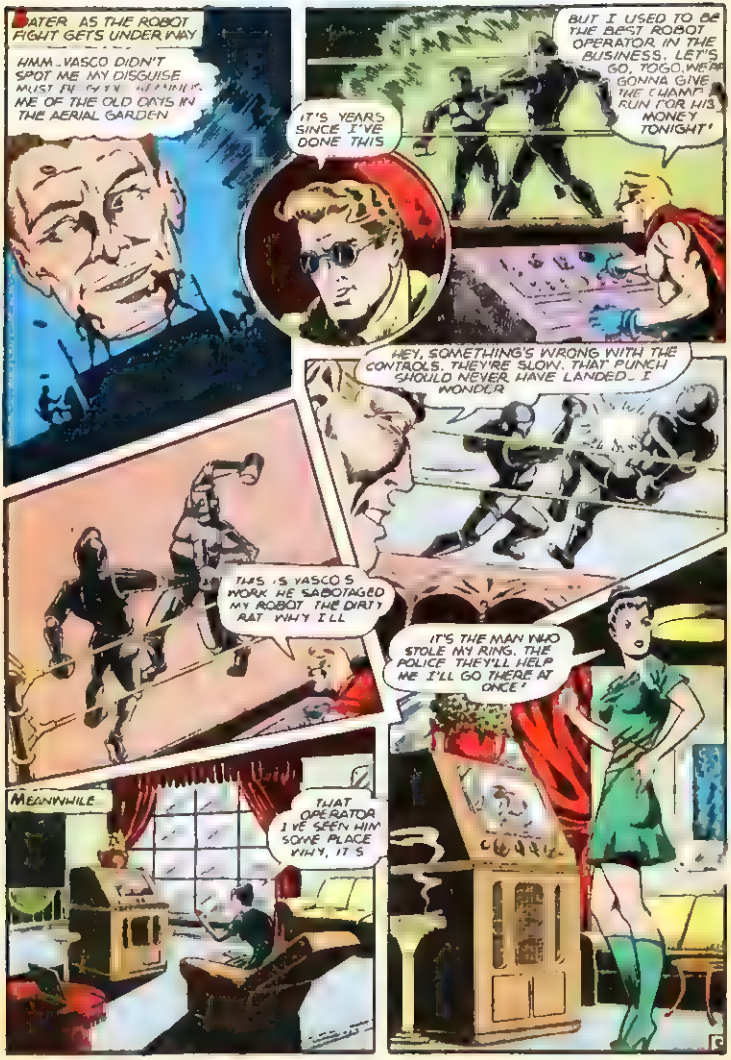
SOON
PST, STAR, TAKE A GANDER AT THAT OLD HEN AT THE BLACK BOARD
P-PLEASE BE QUIET IN THE C CLASS-ROOM
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, A TELEVIO QUEEN? DON'T FORGET THIS SCHOOL IS SUPPORTED BY CHARITY.
CHARITY! OH BOY, IS THAT A RACKET. DID I EVER TELL YOU
WH..WHAT'S THE USE. I MIGHT AS WELL LET YOU G-GO NOW. WE HAVE NO M. MORE MONEY TO CONTINUE OUR WORK. C-CLASS D-D-DISMISSED.
WOW! WHADDA BREAK. LET'S TAKE IN THE FIGHT
NOT SO FAST, BLACKY WE'VE GOT SOME WORK TO DO FIRST
SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR TROUBLE, MA'AM, BUT THAT'S A NICE RING YOU'RE WEARING
JUMPIN' METEORITES, SHE'S A PIPERINO!
SO JUST HAND IT OVER TO ME AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.
WHY, YOU BEAST!
THAT RING WAS LEFT TO ME BY MY FATHER
YOUR FATHER HAD GOOD TASTE. SO LONG KID. WE'LL BE SEEING YOU
2


HMM WHAT A LIFE IT MUST HAVE BEEN BACK IN 1950. IMAGINE! RADIOS THAT HAD TO HAVE WIRES IT SURE MUSTA BEEN TOUGH
WHY, YE SNIVELING SCOUNDREL! THAT RING'S WORTH TWICE AS MUCH.
BOHZ MWAH
SO CREDITS IS MY TOP OFFER.
NEVER! I WON'T TAKE IT. WHY IT'S ROBBERY. AND ME WITH FIVE STARVING CHILDREN I'M LOSING MONEY, SO HELP ME HERE GIMME THE MOOLAH.

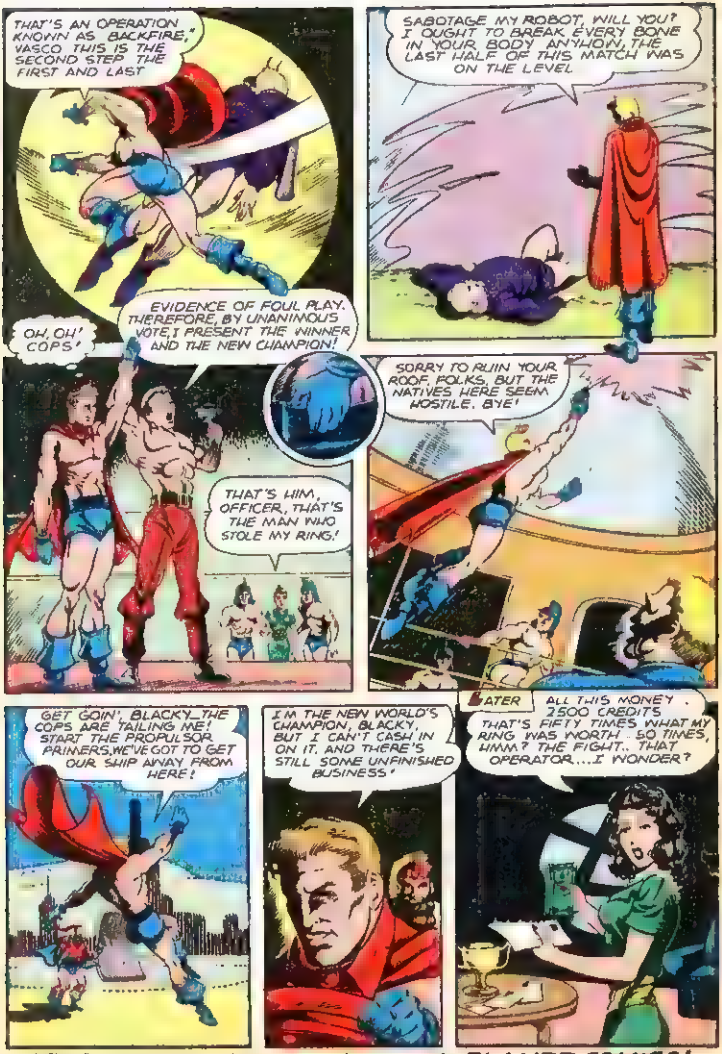

LATER, AT THE VIZIGRAPH FIGHT STUDIO.
WAIT FOR ME AT THE TRAINING QUARTERS I'LL BE OUT AS SOON AS I MAKE THE BET
YOU MUST BE FULL O' LOTUS JUICE. THE CHAMP'LL PUT TOGO AWAY IN THE FIRST ROUND
I HEAR THE ODDS ARE 50 TO 1 IN FAVOR OF YOUR ROBOT, VASCO. I'VE GOT 50 CREDITS THAT SEZ I'LL TAKE HIM
WHY, YOU SUCKER— I MEAN, SO...THAT'S A BET! GIMME THE WAD


NOT BY A LONG SHOT, VASCO! THE MESSENGER WILL HOLD THE MONEY. IF I WIN, SEND IT TO THE ADDRESS ON THIS ENVELOPE
IF YOU WIN. BUT TOGO'S OPERATOR IS A NO GOOD BUM. HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST ME
DON'T BE TOO SURE, VASCO I'VE NEVER LOST A BET IN MY LIFE


THIS IS WHERE BLASTER'S OPERATION LIKE ME GOTTA GRAB HIM BEFORE THE FIGHT. BUT NO BLASTER WORK SAVVY?
YEAH, OKAY
OKAY, YOU MUGS, I'M TAKING OVER THIS JOINT.
WHAT THE
THIS IS LIKE THE OLD DAYS WHEN I WAS THE BOUNCER AT MIKE'S GENTEEL SALOON
YIPE! STAR! HELP ME! THIS NIGHTMARE'S GOTTA STRANGLE HOLD ON ME NECK
GET THAT OTHER GUY BLACKY I'LL HANDLE THE OPERATOR AT THE CONTROLS
GOTTA GET THE OPERATOR BEFORE THE ROBOT MURDERS BLACKY
OOMPH! ANOTHER MINUTE O' THAT AN' TOGO'D A TWISTED A KNOT IN ME PIPES
'WERE I THAT SPK TCW TURNED OFF THE ROBOT'
4


LATER AS THE ROBOT FIGHT GETS UNDER WAY
HMM..VASCO DIDN'T SPOT ME MY DISGUISE MUST BE [illegible] ME OF THE OLD DAYS IN THE AERIAL GARDEN
IT'S YEARS SINCE I'VE DONE THIS
BUT I USED TO BE THE BEST ROBOT OPERATOR IN THE BUSINESS. LET'S GO, TOGO. WE'RE GONNA GIVE THE CHAMP A RUN FOR HIS MONEY TONIGHT!
HEY, SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE CONTROLS. THEY'RE SLOW. THAT PUNCH SHOULD NEVER HAVE LANDED.. I WONDER
THIS IS VASCO'S WORK. HE SABOTAGED MY ROBOT. THE DIRTY RAT. WHY I'LL
IT'S THE MAN WHO STOLE MY RING. THE POLICE. THEY'LL HELP ME. I'LL GO THERE AT ONCE!
MEANWHILE
THAT OPERATOR I'VE SEEN HIM SOME PLACE. WHY, IT'S

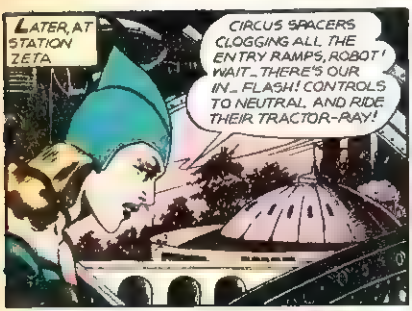
PUTTING MY ROBOT IN A CLINCH WILL OFFSET THE CHAMP UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT FAT SLOB, VASCO.
STOP HIM! STOP HIM! IT'S ILLEGAL
WOW! HE'S TRYING TO STOP ME WITH HIS ROBOT ONE OF THOSE BLOWS WOULD SMASH ME FLATTER THAN A FRENCH PANCAKE. I'D BETTER USE MY BOOTS.
THOSE MOTORIZED BOOTS OF MINE SURE ARE HANDY HEY, COME BACK HERE, YOU CROOKED HOOD
HELP ME, SOMEBODY. DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME.
ONCE I SMASH THAT CONTROL BOARD, VASCO'S ROBOT WON'T WIN ANY FIGHT! THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
NO! NO! GET AWAY
I SAID COME BACK HERE, VASCO I WANT TO DO SOME PLASTIC SURGERY ON YOUR FACE
HA! IT'S YOUR FACE THAT WILL NEED PLASTIC SURGERY.
NOW, MY FRIEND, I WILL START THE OPERATION

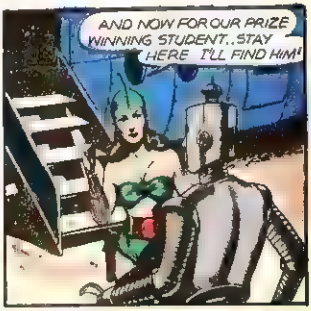

THAT'S AN OPERATION KNOWN AS BACKFIRE," VASCO THIS IS THE SECOND STEP THE FIRST AND LAST
SABOTAGE MY ROBOT, WILL YOU? I OUGHT TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY ANYHOW, THE LAST HALF OF THIS MATCH WAS ON THE LEVEL
EVIDENCE OF FOUL PLAY, THEREFORE, BY UNANIMOUS VOTE, I PRESENT THE WINNER AND THE NEW CHAMPION!
OH, OH! COPS!
THAT'S HIM, OFFICER, THAT'S THE MAN WHO STOLE MY RING!
SORRY TO RUIN YOUR ROOF, FOLKS, BUT THE NATIVES HERE SEEM HOSTILE. BYE!
GET GOIN', BLACKY. THE COPS ARE TAILING ME! START THE PROPULSOR PRIMERS, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUR SHIP AWAY FROM HERE!
I'M THE NEW WORLD'S CHAMPION, BLACKY BUT I CAN'T CASH IN ON IT, AND THERE'S STILL SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
LATER
ALL THIS MONEY . . . 2500 CREDITS. THAT'S FIFTY TIMES. WHAT MY RING WAS WORTH . . 50 TIMES, HMM? THE FIGHT.. THAT OPERATOR....I WONDER?

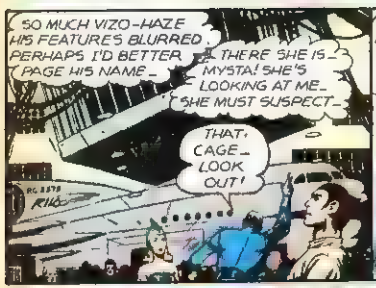
STAR PIRATE in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

MYSTA
OF THE moon
ROSS GALLUN
TELE FLASH
ATTENTION ALL WAVE-BANDS! WE NOW TRANSVIZE TO TERRA CITY, TO THE ANNUAL CONTEST AWARDS OF THE YOUTH-FOR-SCIENCE CONVENTION... THE WINNER OF FIRST HONORS IN THE MYSTA FELLOWSHIP TESTS WILL BE INTRODUCED BY THE CHAIRMAN..
THIS AWARD, A YEAR OF INSTRUCTION IN THE LABORATORIES OF MYSTA OF THE MOON.. ADVANCED RESEARCH UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF THE QUEEN OF SCIENCE —
AND THE WINNER — BRON, OF EARTH SPHERE SIX! NOW, IF THE CIRCUIT IS CLEAR, MYSTA HERSELF WILL CONFIRM THE APPOINTMENT, MY BOY!
CONGRATULATIONS BRON! YOUR THESIS ON ASTRO-PHYSICS IMPRESSED ME GREATLY

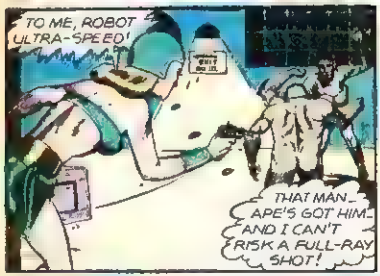
BUT AS MYSTA SPEAKS ON, MEN OF EVIL ALSO LISTEN
BUT I DON'T GET IT, FACE! THIS CONTEST STUFF - WHERE DO I FIT IN?
ELEMENTARY, MY PRETTY BRAIN-BOY! WITH YOUR SCIENTIFIC TRAINING, YOU ARE THE IDEAL REPLACEMENT FOR THIS UNLUCKY BRON!
REPLACEMENT? WHY, I COULDN'T-
SHUT UP! I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS FOR MONTHS. IT'S ALL ARRANGED
IN FOUR LUNAR HOURS SHE WILL PICK YOU UP AT SPACE TERMINAL ZETA. AS FOR YOUR CREDENTIALS - HERE THEY COME NOW!
A ZAP FROM THE DARK AS HE LEFT THE CONVENTION, AND- PRESTO, YOU ARE BRON! DISPOSE OF HIM, MEN!
NO, FACE - DON'T FEED HIM TO YOUR TANKS! I CAN'T - I WON'T -
YOU WON'T? YOU WOULD RATHER RETURN TO KAFKA'S COLONY?
YOUR FLESH ROTTING - BONES LIKE STRAW - YOUR MIND IN TORMENT NIGHT AND DAY-?
NO! NO! I-I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

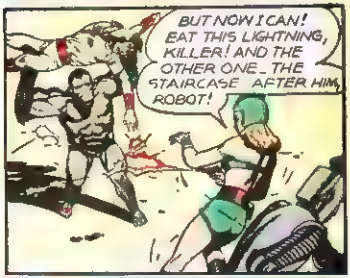

LATER, AT STATION ZETA
CIRCUS SPACERS CLOGGING ALL THE ENTRY RAMPS, ROBOT! WAIT—THERE'S OUR IN—FLASH! CONTROLS TO NEUTRAL AND RIDE THEIR TRACTOR-RAY!

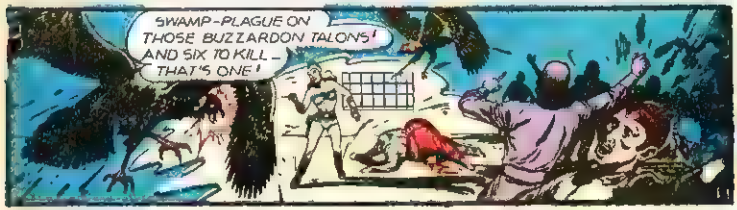

AND NOW FOR OUR PRIZE WINNING STUDENT..STAY HERE I'LL FIND HIM!


SO MUCH VIZO-HAZE HIS FEATURES BLURRED PERHAPS I'D BETTER PAGE HIS NAME—
THERE SHE IS—MYSTA! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME—SHE MUST SUSPECT—
THAT CAGE—LOOK OUT!

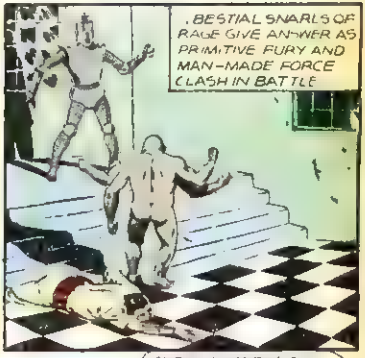
CABLE SLIPPED—APE CAGE CRASHING! AND THE PLUTO BUZZARDONS—RUN!


TO ME, ROBOT ULTRA-SPEED!
THAT MAN—APE'S GOT HIM—AND I CAN'T RISK A FULL-RAY SHOT!

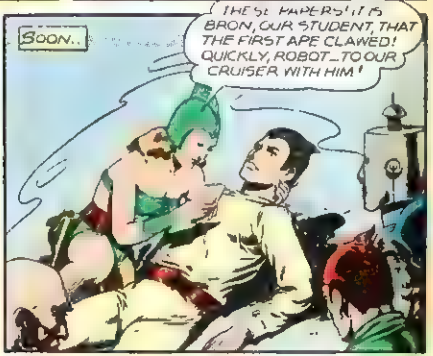

BUT NOW I CAN! EAT THIS LIGHTNING, KILLER! AND THE OTHER ONE—THE STAIRCASE AFTER HIM, ROBOT!

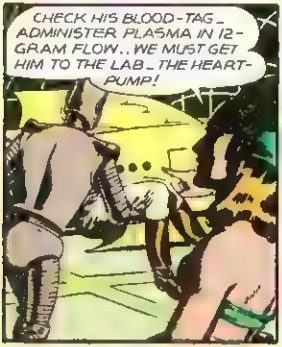

SWAMP-PLAGUE ON THOSE BUZZARDON TALONS! AND SIX TO KILL—THAT'S ONE!

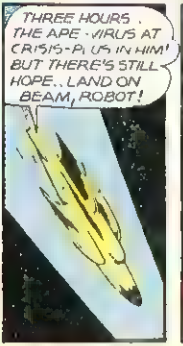
FOUR DOWN_FIVE DOWN_AND NOW THE LAST! BUT THE OTHER APE_HAVE YOU GOT HIM, ROBOT?

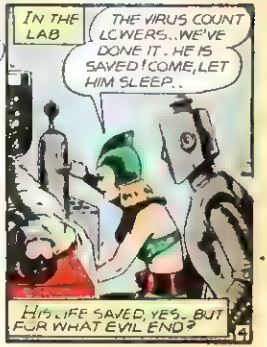

. BESTIAL SNARLS OF RAGE GIVE ANSWER AS PRIMITIVE FURY AND MAN-MADE FORCE CLASH IN BATTLE

THE HEAT RAY, ROBOT_? HAH!
AND FLAMING DEATH FOR THE LOSER'S LOT!

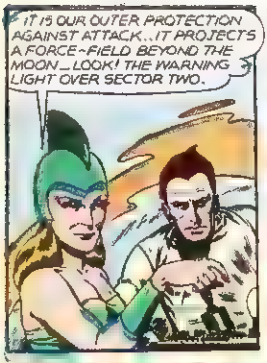

SOON..
THE SE PAPERS! IT IS BRON, OUR STUDENT, THAT THE FIRST APE CLAWED! QUICKLY, ROBOT_TO OUR CRUISER WITH HIM!


CHECK HIS BLOOD-TAG_ ADMINISTER PLASMA IN 12-GRAM FLOW.. WE MUST GET HIM TO THE LAB_THE HEART-PUMP!


THREE HOURS . THE APE-VIRUS AT CRISIS-PLUS IN HIM! BUT THERE'S STILL HOPE.. LAND ON BEAM, ROBOT!

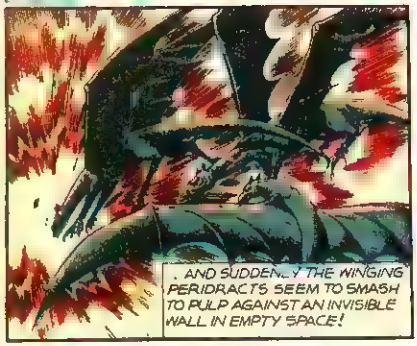

IN THE LAB
THE VIRUS COUNT LOWERS..WE'VE DONE IT. HE IS SAVED! COME, LET HIM SLEEP..
HIS LIFE SAVED, YES_BUT FOR WHAT EVIL END?

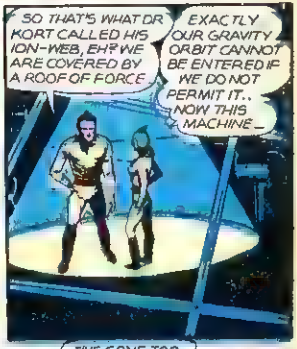
NEXT DAY
SUCCESS, BRON! YOUR TEST-READINGS AT ABSOLUTE NORM AGAIN. DO YOU FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO GO TO THE LAB?
ER..UH.. WHY, YES!
EXCEPT FOR HER I'D BE DEAD NOW!
YOUR FIRST STEP IS TO LEARN TO USE OUR EQUIPMENT. COME DOWN WHEN YOU'RE READY
ER..YES.. OF COURSE!
YOUR PLAN WORKS NEATLY SO FAR, FACE.. WHAT NEXT?
THIS VIZO-KIT SEND CODE LETTER K ON ARRIVAL, HE SAID, THEN BEAM TO 66 AND HERE HE IS WAITING.
GOOD WORK, MY BOY.
NOW DEPRESS LEVER SEVEN ON MACHINE F9, NORTH LAB. THAT IS ALL
AND I'VE GOT TO DO IT!
LATER IN THE LAB
IN THIS SECTION WE ARE PROCEEDING WITH THE WEALTH-RAY RESEARCH OF DR. KORT
SHE SAVED MY LIFE YET I MUST BETRAY HER!
AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE DEADLY BY-PRODUCTS OF OUR EXPERIMENTS. THE Z-VOLT, THE ELECTRON'IZER.
HAH! THESE ARE WHAT THE FACE SEEKS!
EVEN YOU, BRON, MUST NOT LEARN TOO MUCH OF THESE SECRET WEAPONS. THERE ARE USEFUL ADAPTATIONS, OF COURSE, LIKE THIS FORCECASTER.
THAT BASE PLATE.. IT'S MACHINE F9!!
5


IT IS OUR OUTER PROTECTION AGAINST ATTACK..IT PROJECTS A FORCE-FIELD BEYOND THE MOON... LOOK! THE WARNING LIGHT OVER SECTOR TWO.

MAYBE A METEOR, MAYBE A SPECTRON GO TO THE SPACE-SCOPE, BRON, AND WATCH!

AS THE LENSES FOCUS, BRON SEES A HORRIBLE SPACE-HORDE IN FLIGHT.. "NOW LOOK!" CRIES MYSTA..

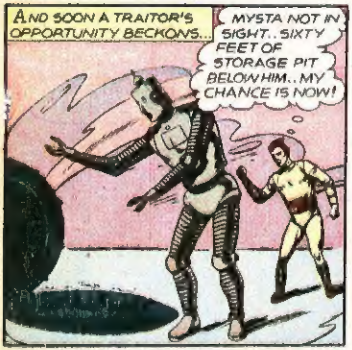

. AND SUDDENLY THE WINGING PERIDRACTS SEEM TO SMASH TO PULP AGAINST AN INVISIBLE WALL IN EMPTY SPACE!


SO THAT'S WHAT DR KORT CALLED HIS ION-WEB, EH? WE ARE COVERED BY A ROOF OF FORCE
EXACTLY OUR GRAVITY ORBIT CANNOT BE ENTERED IF WE DO NOT PERMIT IT.. NOW THIS MACHINE—

MYSTA TURNS AWAY AND DOES NOT SEE THE MOVE OF A STEALTHY HAND THAT SHIFTS THE LEVER OF SPECTOR SEVEN..

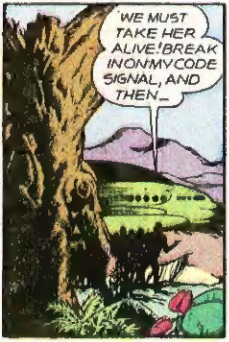
LATER
CODE M COMPLETED BUT LISTEN, FACE—
SILENCE! NOW YOU MUST DISPOSE OF HER ROBOT

I'VE GONE TOO FAR TO BACK OUT NOW.. IF I DON'T OBEY, IT'S WORSE THAN DEATH FOR ME
AND EVEN AS BRON'S CONSCIENCE SWEATS, THE KILLER SHIPS OF THE FACE ARE ROCKETING ON THEIR WAY.

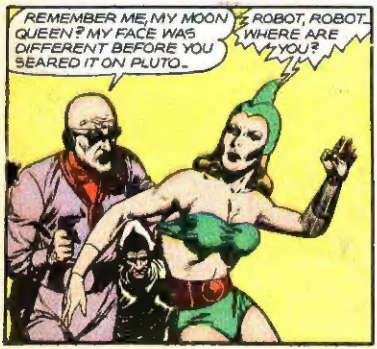

AND SOON A TRAITOR'S OPPORTUNITY BECKONS..
MYSTA NOT IN SIGHT.. SIXTY FEET OF STORAGE PIT BELOW HIM.. MY CHANCE IS NOW!

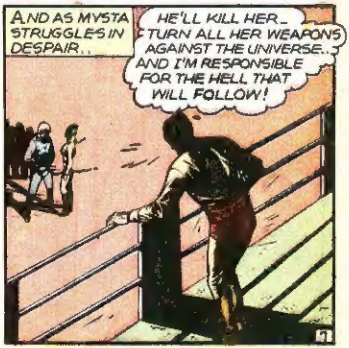
INTO IT, ROBOT! AND, UNLESS YOU CAN FLY, THOSE SHEER WALLS ARE A PRISON BEYOND ALL YOUR POWERS!

LATER..
HA! THROUGH THE FORCE-FIELD! OXO-MASKS READY AND ALL GUNS ON PARA-RAY!

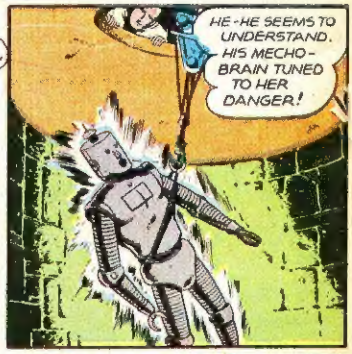

WE MUST TAKE HER ALIVE! BREAK IN ON MY CODE SIGNAL, AND THEN_

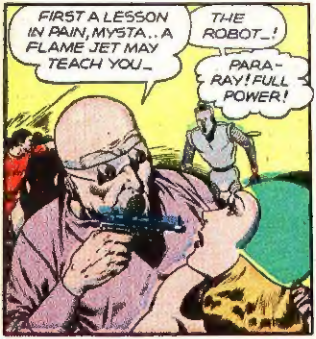
ONE MOVE AND I BLAST, MYSTA! GRAB HER!
ROBOT! TO ME!

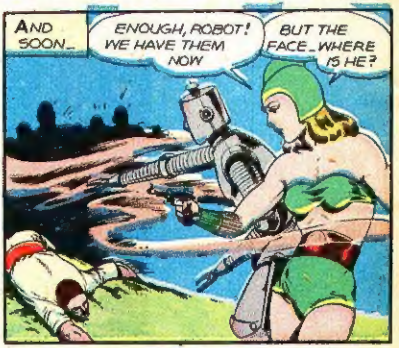

REMEMBER ME, MY MOON QUEEN? MY FACE WAS DIFFERENT BEFORE YOU SEARED IT ON PLUTO_
ROBOT, ROBOT_ WHERE ARE YOU?


AND AS MYSTA STRUGGLES IN DESPAIR..
HE'LL KILL HER_ TURN ALL HER WEAPONS AGAINST THE UNIVERSE.. AND I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HELL THAT WILL FOLLOW!

NO, FACE_I CAN'T DO IT! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME!
HER ROBOT_THAT CABLE HOIST. IF HE'S STILL ON AUTO-CONTROL, IT MAY WORK!


HE-HE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND. HIS MECHO-BRAIN TUNED TO HER DANGER!


FIRST A LESSON IN PAIN, MYSTA.. A FLAME JET MAY TEACH YOU_
THE ROBOT_!
PARA-RAY! FULL POWER!


AND SOON_
ENOUGH, ROBOT! WE HAVE THEM NOW
BUT THE FACE_WHERE IS HE?

AN ACCIDENT, BRON. I MUST HAVE SHORTED THE FORCE-FIELD.. LET US SPEAK NO MORE OF IT.
SHE STILL DOESN'T SUSPECT ME!

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF FOR HIDING WHEN YOU HEARD THEIR BLASTERS. YOU ARE A STUDENT, NOT A WARRIOR.
I-I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, MYSTA.

THE FACE_HE'LL BETRAY ME.. SHE WILL SOON KNOW I'M A TRAITOR..BUT I CAN'T CONFESS_I CAN'T!
BUT YOU WILL WISH YOU HAD BRON AS YOU'LL LEARN IN THE NEXT PLANET COMICS!

A MAN'S PASTIME

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK—FIRST A SATISFYING DINNER... A WELL-CRUSTED PIPE... AND A TALE OF DARING IN SOME DISTANT LAND.

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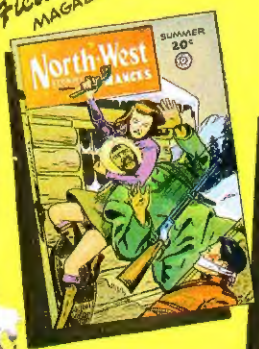

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Look at those arms on Bob Hoffman! The camera tells the truth. They're actually that big and just as powerful. Bob holds the records for innumerable feats of strength with hundreds of medals and trophies to prove his super-strength. He's done just as much for others . . . let Bob give you the "know how" . . . join the ranks of the champions with "bodies magnificent" rippling with steel cables of muscles inside and out. It's so easy . . . just a few minutes a day gives you those "power house" muscles you have envied in others . . . start having them yourself.

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HOW YOU CAN HAVE MUSCLES

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Special 5 DAY Offer

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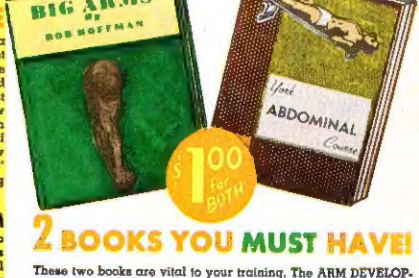
BOB HOFFMAN, DEPT. 5608
MUSCLETOWN, YORK, PENNA.



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